Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

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AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

CORN AS A NEW ENGLAND CROP.

"What shall we plant?" is the question which New England farmers must soon decide. Potatoes are already planted in many localities, and the sooner they are in on all dry land the better, for it is the early potato that dodges the worm. The old plan of planting corn first, potatoes second, has been nicely reversed, and in like manner the estimation in which these two crops are held has been reversed. The statistics of Massachusetts show that in the last three decades the amount of corn raised in this State has diminished over 50 per cent. By the census of 1851 the amount raised was 2,595,096 bushels. In 1865 the amount was 2,015,771 bushels, and by the last census (1875) only 1,300,280 bushels. In the same time the potato crop has just about held its own, and the hay crop has increased from 487,344 tons to 526,490 tons. There is great force in these figures, for they show how the tide is running. Farmers are proverbially conservative and do not change from one crop to another without cause. We are therefore disposed to pay great respect to their judgment as shown in their practice, but while fully believing that potatoes pay better in New England than corn, or indeed any other hoed crop, tobacco in certain sections excepted. Being bulky they are less affected than corn by competition with the South and West; still we are sorry to see this branch of agriculture declining at the East. The prevalent impression that Yankees can not compete with Hoosiers in the production of corn may be true, so far as exportation is concerned. We do not expect to see New England farmers raising corn for sale, but we do want them to raise enough for their own consumption, and believe that it will pay them to do so.

Right here we are met with the plausible assertion that if it does not pay to raise corn for sale it must be more economical to purchase than to produce this cereal. Not necessarily. There was much good sense in the remark of a shrewd and thrifty Yankee farmer, who, when asked if it would not be cheaper to buy his corn than to raise it, replied, "Corn is a mighty good thing to have around; in fact you can't run a farm without it. It makes milk and it makes beef, and is indispensable for pork and poultry. You may say what you please about hay and roots, you can't get along without corn, and if you raise it yourself you are sure to have it and to feed it more liberally than when you have to buy. To be sure, it costs something to raise it, but when raised on your own land and by your own labor, you do not feel the expense as you do when you have to hunt out the cash. I'll still stick to the corn crop till I find a better." There are many products which the farmer may very properly raise for home consumption which he would not care to raise for market. Very few New England farmers raise beans for sale, but every one should be ashamed who did not raise his own beans. There is no market like the home market. This requires no transportation, no commissions, no trust, no waste of time or words in higgling about prices. True economy therefore demands that whatever is needed on the farm should be raised there, even if it does cost as much to raise as to purchase. Whether corn can be raised or purchased in New England more cheaply is a disputed point among farmers, about as many advocating one side of the question as the other, and this fact proves that there can not be much difference between the cost of the home-made and the purchased product. This being so we should certainly recommend New England farmers to raise their own corn for they will "not feel the expense of labor so much as the counting out of the cash." The clean cultivation which this crop requires prepares the land admirably for a crop of English grain, and for stocking down with grass, the chief end of New England agriculture.

Besides, we are satisfied that when transportation and commissions are deducted from western corn, the Hoosier has not so great an advantage over the Yankee as is commonly supposed. While the Hoosier raises this cereal at less cost, the Yankee raises a greater average product per acre. This may seem almost incredible, but if we may credit the United States census returns, it is true, and the reason is that the eastern farmer cultivates this crop with more care. There is no insufferable objection to the cultivation of corn in New England, either in the nature of the soil or climate, as is manifest from the fact that in the rugged State of Vermont, by the census of 1860, the average yield per acre was greater than in any other State in the Union. A product of 100 bushels of shelled corn per acre is of more frequent occurrence in Massachusetts than in Illinois.

Where there is a will there is a way, and we hope the will of most New England farmers is to raise corn enough for their own consumption. Now that we have such pure and efficient commercial fertilizers, manufactured at our door, as it were, the facilities for corn culture are so increased that we shall be much disappointed if the forth-coming census does not reveal both an increase of acreage devoted to corn in New England, and an increased average product per acre. We would not cultivate grass and roots less, but give more attention to corn, and heartily join with our Quaker poet, Whittier, who says,

"But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers' trod;
Still let us for his golden corn
Send up our thanks to God."

INSECTS.

Nature is so full of changes and of mysteries, that no intelligent mind can closely observe her ways without being lifted up to a higher range of thought, and encouraged into a broader field of action.

At this season of the year, the silent forces of nature are rapidly changing the barren fields and the naked woods into life and activity, clothing them in garbs of beauty and grandeur. As soon as the green leaves spread themselves into the balmy air of spring, we begin to admire nature for having so suddenly clothed her nakedness in such loveliness. As we walk abroad in the fields, and gather the beautiful flowers that nestle in the sunshine, our admiration for the wonderful works of nature ascends higher and higher; when it reaches the highest point, and our belief, that she does everything for man's best interest, seems to be fully established, we approach our orchard, and seeing, from afar, the expanding leaves and the bursting blossoms, our minds are carried forward to the autumnal days, when the golden fruit, with its luscious flavor, will add attractions to our table; we approach the trees that we may snuff the odors of the opening flowers. Bending the boughs, that we may get a nearer snuff, we start back in undisguised disgust and bitter disappointment. Our love and admiration for the beauties of nature has vanished like the morning dew, and the organ of destructiveness bursts into activity as the eye conveys to it the intelligence that the beautiful foliage of the tree is being devoured by disgusting little insects, in numbers sufficient to not only destroy the beauty of the tree, but also all chances of a harvest of fruit. In our indignation at the presence of this destructive enemy, we stop not to examine its structure, that we may in it discover a trace of beauty, or to inquire as to the probabilities of its being of any possible use to man; but we strike out right and left, thinking only of the best means for its entire destruction. We are very apt to overlook the fact that the more difficult it is to produce a thing, the more valuable it appears to us, when produced; and to be able to surmount all difficulties affords great satisfaction.

The numerous insects that make their appearance every spring, to destroy our vegetables, injure our fruits, and to suck our blood, undoubtedly come for some good purpose; if they do nothing more they sharpen our wits, and compel more active exertions. Among the first leaf eating insects, that make their appearance in the spring, is found the tent caterpillar, which begins to hatch out as soon as the leaves commence to grow. In the earlier stages of their growth the tent caterpillars live in colonies, and surround themselves with a web, or tent, to protect themselves from the storms; from this protection, in good weather, twice a day they march out in a single line to the leaves of the tree; when their appetites are satisfied they return to their tents in the same way; in bad weather they remain at home. When nearly grown they separate and roam singly over the tree. There are but few enemies to the orchard, so easily destroyed as this, if taken in season, but if neglected until separation takes place, it is very difficult, and almost impossible to rid the orchard of them.

With a conical brush fastened to a pole, a small quantity of kerosene in a shallow dish, the orchard should be visited at sunrise. When the little grubs first hatch, looking through the tree from the side opposite the sun the little nests are easily seen, and can be entirely destroyed by dipping the brush into the kerosene, and passing it through the nest, turning the brush round at the same time; a very large number can thus be destroyed in a single hour. Care must be taken not to continue the work after the caterpillars leave their nests. The orchard should be examined several times as there are always some nests that hatch later than others, and oftentimes some that are overlooked the first time. No good orchardist will permit his orchard to be injured by an enemy so easily destroyed, as the tent caterpiller.

Closely following the hatching of the caterpillar, is the canker worm. This is an enemy not so easily managed, when once it finds lodgment in the tree; but the careful orchardist commences in the autumn to protect his trees, by stopping the female from ascending the tree to lay her eggs; this is done, by patent tree protectors placed around the trunk of the trees, or by a strip of paper a foot wide, kept covered with printers' ink during the warm days of autumn, winter and spring; but if by any reason this is neglected, and the worms make their appearance on the trees, it is very difficult to destroy them, on account of the fact that they scatter themselves all over the trees. The easiest, and perhaps the most effectual remedy, is, to shower the trees with water, in which is mixed a small quantity of Paris green.

In some sections apple trees are injured by leaf rollers, which work at the same time that the tent caterpillar and canker worm works, and should they become as numerous as either, will prove not only a very destructive enemy but one not easily managed.

While we are battling the enemies of our orchards the currant worm is taking possession of our gooseberry and currant bushes. He does it so cunningly and so mysteriously, that, until we fully understand him, our knowledge of his presence often comes about the time the last leaves are being consumed, and we wonder if he has grown in a night. The reason we do not see him at first is, because he very carefully keeps himself concealed in the centre of the bush when small, and approaches the outer branches only when he has consumed all of the inner leaves. The little grub has a very disgusting appearance and seems to be covered with a sticky substance. A small quantity of air slacked lime or even wood ashes sifted on the bushes is pretty sure death for the European currant worm, but the American which is a larger and smoother worm, neither lime or ashes seem to have any effect; hellebore should be used for his destruction. Eternal vigilance seems to be the price of good fruit; for from early spring until late in the autumn, numerous enemies, of both tree and fruit are abroad, requiring the constant attention of man to keep them in subjection.

If there is any form of life that man fails to become the master of, it will be that form which is known as the creeping things of the earth.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by the full name of the correspondent.

"A TROUBLESOME HEIFER."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have lived a farmer all my days, and have milked some kicking cows. I worked for a farmer of this town two years and eight months. He raised the Shorthorn breed; but such long legged cows I do not like; they would kick you out of the barn. To stop their kicking, I tied a small cord around right forward the bag, tightened it up well, and they stood as well as any cows.

I think it does no good to handle heifers before they drop their calf.

One thing more—to prevent cattle from jumping, take a pair of shears and cut off their eye winkers pretty close. J. L. B.

Groton, May 3d, 1880.

THAT TROUBLESOME HEIFER.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have just read the account of the "Trouble with the Heifer" in March 20th, of the *Ploughman*.

If R. X. J. of Rochdale, Mass., has his heifer now, perhaps he would like to know what my neighbor did in such a case. His heifer was dropped about April 1st, 1877. In the summer of 1878 carried her four if not five times, but it did no good; but he did not like to sell her as she was a handsome Devon heifer, and had taken the first premium at the Fair, so he kept her over winter, and June 9th, 1879, he carried her again, and last March she calved and now bids fair to make a good cow.

Is hen manure good for Sugar Beets? if so, how many pounds per acre, after composted? Will wood ashes do to mix with the hen manure.

Respectfully, C. W. K.

East Marshfield, May, 1880.

ANOTHER FINE HOLSTEIN.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Mr. E. V. Nelson, a prosperous farmer of Royalston, is the possessor of a fine stock bull, "Turk Hayes," probably one of the finest in the State. He is of the Holstein breed, bred by one of the finest cows of M. Kelley, of Barre. This beautiful animal is two years old, weighs about 1250 lbs., in color is spotted black and white, is perfectly formed, with fine head and neck and well built limbs, and among his finest merits is perfectly gentle and kind.

Also among his fine stock is to be seen two beautiful Jersey heifers of the noted Belden breed, and various other fine animals. Those who take an interest in fine cattle would do well to call and examine Mr. Nelson's stock. X. Y.

Athol, April 12th, 1880.

ENGLISH SPARROW AND SMALL FRUITS.

[Prairie Farmer.]

This lively little fellow has elicited considerable discussion for two or three years past. His family increases so rapidly that most of our large towns and cities are already quartering his progeny, likewise his "cousins, and his uncles and his aunts," and their descendants in large numbers.

In regard to whether these birds are a benefit or an injury, the weight of argument thus far has gone to prove that they are not a desirable acquisition. They are exceedingly pugnacious, driving away almost every other bird that comes within their reach, or attempts to build its nest in their vicinity. But the most serious count in the indictment against them is the injury they do to fruit; not so much to the fruit itself, but to the bushes and trees during the winter. A case in point has recently come under observation. Mr. J. Newhall of Toronto, Canada, has hitherto been an advocate of the English sparrows, and frequently defended them in the public prints, but he has had an experience with them the past winter which has cooled his admiration. He has a red currant patch to which the sparrows paid great attention. Curiosity led him to investigate the matter when to his surprise and consternation, he found every bush entirely denuded of every fruit bud as clean as if it had been rubbed down with leather-gloved hands. Not a bud left. Further investigation showed that his Glass' seedling plums were nearly stripped of every bud also, and his Mayduke cherries were considerably damaged. Mr. Newhall now thinks that if these sparrows increase in the same ratio for the next three years that they have the past three, it will be useless to attempt to grow small fruits in Toronto. He thinks also that this matter is a fit subject for the consideration of Fruit Growers' Associations. His suggestion is proper and timely, for these sparrows multiply prodigiously and are spreading rapidly throughout the country. Forewarned is oftentimes forearmed.

TOADS.

[Rural Messenger.]

French industry and sagacity take the lead of the world in little things, if nothing more. Toad culture is a regular business there with the economic people and the demand for toads is great and increasing. The useful little animals are employed as insect destroyers, not only in the gardens of that country, but thousands of them are packed down in baskets of damp moss, and sent to the other countries to be sold to gardeners. The more observing horticulturists and floriculturists have long been aware of their value as insect destroyers, and have utilized them to a greater or less extent. And it is not much to the credit of American gardeners and farmers that they have never recognized the services of this helpful and innocent little reptile. Nature conducts her operations by reciprocal means, and if she gives us the hurtful insects to eat up our crops, she also gives us the birds, toads, etc., to eat up the insects. The farmer should keep a close eye on nature, and seek to make her manifold operations helpful, instead of casting hindrance in the way by destroying her agents. The successful farmer has great need to be a good economic naturalist. Many things, as loathsome looking as the toad, are the farmer's friend.

☞ One of the large cranberry growers of New Jersey is Mr. E. Z. Collins, of Waterford. He has been shipping cranberries to market since the first of last January, and has four men constantly employed in sorting the fruit. On account of the rejection of the imperfect berries, he obtains a considerably higher price for them than the ruling rates. He has lately been receiving eleven dollars per barrel, and made no sales this year under nine dollars per barrel.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ The practice of chewing bones, sticks and old pieces of leather by cows is an indication that their systems need something not furnished in their food, and frequently bone dust fed in small quantities, at first with meal, will supply the need.

Correspondence.

FLORIDA.

Life at Lake Worth, and Lost in the Everglades.

Special Correspondence of the Mass. Ploughman.

LETTER NO. III.

St. Lucis, Florida, March, 1880.

To the Editor of the Mass. Ploughman:

We spent nearly three weeks in camp at Bradley's, on the west shore of Lake Worth, 16 miles south of the cut, or entrance from the ocean.

It is one of the finest places for a hunter's camp we have seen in Florida.

There is a beautiful wide sandy beach, the best of shore fishing, good fire wood and drinking water near by, and probably as good deer hunting as there is in Florida.

While there we assisted Mr. Bradley in putting a new roof on his house, which was so different from our method North that I will describe it. We first sailed across the Lake to the beach ridge, where there are fine hummocks of Cabbage Palmetto. Selecting trees low enough so that we could reach the branches, or fans, with a bush hook and hatchet, we cut them off, leaving about twenty inches of stalk on the fan. As fast as they were cut they were carried to the beach and packed in piles of about a hundred each, and weights put upon them to press them out smooth. Here they were allowed to remain several days, when we went over again and trimmed off about two inches of the rough edge on each side of the stalk, and boated them home.

The roof is made by nailing strips on the rafters eighteen inches apart, and the fans are laid in courses as we do shingles. A single six penny nail is driven through the stalk where it joins the fan, the other end of the stalk resting on the next strip above.

Such a roof will last five to seven years, costs nothing but the labor and nails, and makes the coolest house of any material we have ever seen used. The fans can also be used for the walls of a house, and in that position will last longer.

Sugar cane is being grown extensively at the lake, and we assisted in planting a large boat load of seed cane. The stalks of last year's growth are cut up in pieces of three or four joints and planted in drills eight feet apart. If kept clear of weeds and the ground cultivated, it will continue to rattoon for five to seven years.

March 3d, Mr. Bradley having been employed to take a load of tomatoes to Sand Point, we began to look over our shells, curiosities, etc., and pack ready to sail in the morning. At daybreak, when Mr. Bradley looked out in his garden, he saw three deer in his turnips. His rifle was not loaded, but his son's bird gun having two charges of buck shot, he took aim and fired. While watching the deer run off he was rubbing his shoulder, and on examining the gun found he had fired both barrels and thus destroyed his aim.

In this connection I will mention an incident showing how hard it is to *kill* a deer. A few day's previous Mr. B's nearest neighbor saw a deer near the house, at daybreak, and shot him so that he fell immediately. To make sure that he was dead the man took a navy revolver, went up within a few feet, put a bullet through his neck, and left him to bleed while he was eating breakfast; but when he went out knife in hand to skin the deer, like the Irishman's flea, he wasn't there. They have been known to run a hundred yards after being shot through the heart.

We broke camp at 8 A. M., and started up the lake with fair wind, ran twelve miles, took in our tomatoes, and made the Cut at 12 M. It was low water, and we should not be able to go out for several hours. The sea was rising, and by the time we could get over the bar the swell would render it dangerous to go out, so it was decided to go by way of the haulover and everglades.

The haulover consists of a small car run on wooden rails a distance of several hundred yards, connecting Little Lake Worth with the everglades.

We sailed to the west shore of the lake, unloaded our baggage and tomatoes, carried them over in two loads and returned for the boat. We ran her into the water on the other side, loaded up and were off with a fair wind. And now how shall I describe the everglades?

We first sailed through a pond not unlike our Northern lily ponds, with the lilies in bloom. Just think of it! Pond lilies in bloom March 4th! As we sailed along it was suggested to Mr. B. that "a bouquet of them might be well received at the White House one year from to-day."

Next we enter the Ditch opened through the saw grass by Government surveyors years ago, then through lily pond No. 2, and we are in the everglades. Miles of grass, bushy islands, and lily ponds; birds fill the air; the reeds bend under their weight as they chatter in the wind or build their nests; snakes and 'gators swim from point to point, and water everywhere.

Through this we sail for hours, first to the right then short to the left, then an open space, then so narrow that the grass touches the boat on either side, and we have to force the boat ahead with poles. The sun is going down, and we are not half way to Jupiter. We must hurry on, or we shall be lost in the intricate windings of the creek.

We push her on through the shallow and tortuous windings of Tin Kettle Creek. We run aground. We back off and go on again, but the darkness comes on too soon and we must run the rapids in the dark.

There are five of us anxious and on the alert as she drifts out into the uncertain depths of the rapids. She shoots ahead, the current boils and eddies and foams past us; she strikes a snag, drifts around, is caught by the current, and in defiance of all our efforts she heels over as she sweeps into shoal water. Mr. B. is overboard at once, others follow, and finally only one is left at the helm. She is jammed in a narrow channel, and resists all our efforts to get her off. Finally, when about to despair she swings clear, and is off like a shot. All aboard, and away we go. But our troubles have only begun. We drift away into the deep, dark waters of Lake Worth creek.

Jupiter Light breaks on our view, but it is only to entice us into some deep pocket in the mangrove swamps. We scull or pole for hours, lost in the mazes of the tortuous windings till ready to despair. The old moon rises to mock us in our misery. The owl hoots from his lofty watch tower, and the wild cats scream in the hummocks. After a rest we conclude to make one more attempt, and then if not successful to make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and wait till morning; but the next bend brought us into clearer waters, and soon the rippling waters of the Locohatchee were before us, and Jupiter Light in full view.

The oar and poles were soon in use, and at quarter of three A. M. we made fast to the wharf and turned in. G. H. R.

The Horse.

CORN FOR HORSES.

[Rural New Yorker.]

Is it or is it not economy to feed horses corn in the ear? We have practised it for a number of years, believing that the portion which was not masticated, and so passed out of the horses without being digested was not equal to the miller's toll. The toll is every tenth, and this with the waste and time spent in going to the mill will make it fully equal to every eighth. Another thing farmers do not think enough about. Suppose every tenth is not masticated and assimilated by the horse, is kept on the farm, whereas if it is left at the mill the farm is so much depleted of plant-food. We throw the whole ears into the manger, and let the work-horses bite the kernels off as they like. As soon as the horses get used to eating corn there is no danger of its producing colic or any other derangement of the bowels, but care must be taken not to begin too strong at first. Three or four ears of flint corn are all a horse should have to begin a diet of this food. The Southern and Western corn is lighter, and is more apt to produce colic. In the South, corn is almost always fed in the ear, and so it is in the West, when fed at all. Corn is excellent food for horses to work on, but not for fast driving. They are more quiet and tractable on corn than any other grain, and will do more hard pulling and drudgery with less loss in condition. Oats make a horse sprightly and active, and hence should be fed sparingly to a colt. Oats have helped to make a great many balky, spavined and runaway horses. Corn makes them dull and slow but strong. Corn is the best for colts while being broken. It may be made lighter and not so heating by having wheat bran mixed with it.

BLOOD SPAVIN.

[Western Rural.]

Over the middle of a tumor, constituting what in horse parlance is termed bog spavin, runs a vein, which, by the distension of the tumor beneath, is always pushed a little out its place; and, appearing more prominent than before the existence of the bog spavin, the generality of horse men imagine it is a disease, and call it blood spavin. In itself, blood spavin is never the cause of lameness, and can only be regarded as an eyesore. Treatment of the underlying soft tumor, called bog spavin, is sometimes resorted to, but with no permanent result, as it is apt to return at any time after the animal has been subjected to the same causes that produced it first, viz., hard work or other over exertion.

FAST HORSES.

The running horse in this country is not so valuable as the trotter. Pierre Lorillard paid $18,000 for the famous runner Falsetto, three years old, recently sent to England, Mr. Keene paid $15,000 for Spendthrift. When we come to the trotters, we find the prices up. Mr. Bonner paid $40,000 for Pocahontas, $36,000 for Rarus, $33,000 for Dexter, $20,000 for Startle, $16,000 for Edwin Forrest, and $15,000 for Grafton. Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, paid $35,000 for Goldsmith Maid, $32,000 for Jay Gould, $30,000 for Lady Thorne, $25,000 for Lucy, and $17,000 for Tattler. Mr. Vanderbilt paid $21,000 for Maud S., and $10,000 for Lysander Boy. The largest sum ever paid for a horse in England, where they have few trotters, was close on to $72,000, paid for Doncaster, by the Duke of Westminster.

☞ Mrs. Warren Lovejoy of South Auburn, Me., has made the past year, from the milk of four cows and a two-year old heifer, 1,031 1-4 pounds of butter, which has always been pre-engaged at a large price. There was also milk enough and to spare for the family's use also.

COTSWOLD BUCK "PRINCE."

The Chief of "Winning Farm" flock of pure Cotswolds.

This celebrated flock of high-bred Cotswolds was imported by J. D. Wing, of Duchess Co., New York, from the best breeders of England. Seven years ago they were bought by Joseph Harris, of "Moreton Farm," Rochester, New York. Last fall the entire flock of breeding ewes, together with "Prince," were purchased by John M. Bailey, author of the "Book of Ensilage," and brought to "Winning Farm." In view of the great revival of the sheep and wool interest the importance of this transfer to the sheep interest of New England can hardly be over estimated.

One of the most valuable characteristics which this truly noble breed of sheep possess is the power the *pure bred* males have to improve a flock of common Merinoes. If a pure Cotswold ram is bred upon a flock of Merino ewes, weighing less than eighty pounds each, their lambs can be depended to weigh, at two years of age, at least twice as much as their dams and show more and better wool.

At Winning Farm there is a half blood ewe, No. 2, whose mother was a Merino weighing less than eighty pounds, who weighs 150 pounds and shears 7½ pounds of the highest priced wool.

There is also a second cross ewe, No. 673, three-quarter blood Cotswold and one quarter Merino. Dam Sister 15 No. 2, who weighs 187 pounds, shears 15 pounds of wool over 12 inches long. She had a fine pair of twins for her first contribution to the flock last year when two years old, and now has another noble pair. Now, if such sheep as these (and equal and larger weights of many more could be given, whose dams, grand or great-grand dams were Merino ewes, weighing less than 80 pounds,) who shall be able to estimate the real intrinsic value of a *pure* Cotswold ram to use upon a flock of Merino ewes?

John M. Bailey bred "Prince" to 35 Merino ewes last fall; they are dropping the lambs now; most of them weigh 9, 10, 11 and 12 pounds when born, and still, owing to the smallness of their heads there has been no trouble in parturition. These Cotswold-Merino lambs are strong and active, their mother giving plenty of milk so that they are growing rapidly; the chief reason why they give so much milk is because they are fed upon *Ensilage*. These ewes, 84 of them were wintered upon Ensilage, 360 pounds daily one feed per day of my poor meadow hay with thirty pounds of shorts daily. The balance of the flock of Merino ewes were bred to the pure Oxfordshire down ram Grand Duke of Oxford. We hope Dr. Bailey will give us a description of these Oxfo d-Merino lambs, it being we believe, the first time this cross has ever been tried.

Prince weighs 300 pounds, and sheared when one year old 12½ pounds; when two years old 18½ pounds, and on the 1st day of May sheared 17½ pounds, 48½ pounds of wool at three shearings.

The sheep in Winning flock of Cotswolds are all numbered, a perfect record kept of each individual sheep since they were brought to this country; the date of service is kept, the date of birth and the *weight of each lamb* at birth and at different times afterwards are all systematically kept, also the weight of each sheep at shearing time and the weight of wool. They are in perfect health; there has not been a sick sheep all winter. Several of them have had five pairs of twins, weighing from 19 to 21 pounds when born. The average weight of single lambs has been over 12 pounds when born. Several have weighed over 14 pounds, and one weighed 15½ pounds. The twins of Lady Brutus, mentioned in the *Ploughman* some weeks ago, weighed when two months old, 98 pounds. Some of the single lambs are growing faster than the Lady Brutus' twins. The "Winning flock" of Cotswold are also fed upon ensilage. These sheep are well worth a visit to "Winning Farm," is the exclamation of nearly all of the hundreds of visitors which weekly go there to see for themselves the silos, the ensilage, and the stock fed upon it. Almost without exception they are enthusiastic over the success which has attended Dr. Bailey's experiments in testing the new system of preserving corn fodder in its green state with all its nutritive qualities unimpaired. Nearly all say, "I am going home and shall build silos." As a recent correspondent of the *Ploughman* stated, "the best of it all is that Dr. Bailey proves all he says to be true *right before your eyes.*"

The Dairy.

CARE OF MILCH COWS.

[Western Rural.]

During the intense hot weather of summer, cows, unless in very extra pasture, with a plenty of shade and good water, fall very much in their productiveness. When once partially dried up, it is hard to bring them into a full flow of milk again during the season. The greatest care should therefore be taken to give them a plenty of some kind of nutritious soil-feed, corn, oats, or whatever other green feed a farmer may happen to have. Feed they must have or dry up—there is no such thing as milk and butter without feed.

If cows are obliged to work hard all day, in a short pasture, during hot weather, to obtain barely enough to keep them alive, they will become both too much heated and fatigued to keep up a full flow of milk, and whoever expects any profit from cows in hot weather must feed them enough, so that as the heat of the day advances they may retire to the shade, for comfort and repose. Excessive heat is more injurious to a milch cow than short feed. Cows require plenty to eat without great exercise to obtain it, and *repose*. It is more profitable to feed shorts, oil meal, or other grain, where pastures are short, than to suffer cows to dry up.

Cows should be driven very slowly, particularly in hot weather, that they may not be overheated; and if yarded nights, should always have a full supply of clean water. Cows give more milk and do better when kept constantly in the pasture, unless they are soil-fed in the yard or stable.

Porcine.

HOW TO FEED PIGS.

[Berkshire Bulletin.]

We often hear complaints of very opposite character from those who start to rear Berkshire swine. One is that they get too fat, and are tender, and often die, and also that they are no better than any other hog, for they don't look any better on the same kind of food, and are not a bit fatter. Two instances showing these extremes have come under my observation. One man fed his young pigs from about a month old on nearly pure pea meal and milk. They got fat, then ceased to grow, and then went lame on all fours, fairly foundered, and forever spoilt. The other party turned a pair of fine, thrifty young pigs in among some thirty wretched scrubs of mongrels, and he, too, fed them peas, but in such a small quantity that they were reduced to skeletons, for they would not fight for their small share with their coarse and more vicious brethren, and then this man said they were no better than common. By following a few simple hygienic rules the Berkshires can be raised as easily and in as healthy a condition as any other pig.

Never feed the young pigs on strong, concentrated food, such as ground corn, peas, or other grain, alone. Give milk (if obtainable) or water, with equal proportions of bran, shorts, and boiled potatoes, or other roots or vegetables; if the bran and shorts can be scalded, so much the better. If you must feed peas or corn meal, mix sparingly with the vegetable diet until the pig is four months old at least, when the grain may be increased. But all through the pig's life give him plenty of good roots, boiled or raw. In short, feed the pig generously, but not to excess, with a good, pure mixed diet, and then there will be neither sickness nor want of fertility. As the winter is the time that many hogs are ruined by injudicious feeding, these hints may be of service to beginners.

The Apiary.

TO BEGINNERS.

Bee-keeping is like many other pursuits; many persons begin and make disastrous failures. They hear or read of some wonderful result in some journal or paper, and immediately invest in bees, but not one cent in any standard work on bee-keeping, which will give them directions how to proceed; or they may purchase a book and carelessly read it, without studying, or if they do study it they may be too indolent to reduce the knowledge to practice. In all such cases the pursuit has in a short time been abandoned in disgust. The bee-keeper must have a taste for the business, and a thorough knowledge of all the laws governing the bees, combined with necessary industry to apply his knowledge to practice. He must know what to do, how to do, and when to do.—*Exchange.*

☞ The presence of the red spider in a hothouse is said to be a sure indication that the air is kept too dry.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE APPLE TREE BORER.

(Saperda bivittata.)

Every year, as the spring approaches, articles containing numerous remedies for this destructive pest of the orchard, together with some description of the habits of the insect, find their way into the numerous agricultural papers of the country. Some of the leading authors on insects, in their description of the habits of the borer having made a mistake, many writers have moulded their articles to conform to the description of those they believe to be authority on the subject, and thus render their articles of less importance and many of their remedies of no practical value. The article published in the *Ploughman* a short time since, copied from an exchange, and written by James W. Robinson, ex-president of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, contained some, although not as many errors, as are frequently found in articles on this subject, that yearly go the rounds of the papers.

The article referred to says "the young borer hatches out in the inner side of the bark, and eats out a circular piece the size of a half dime, and then starts off boring *upward* at first, but sometimes sideways or downwards."

Harris in his book of Insects of Massachusetts, says of the borer, "the beetle comes forth from the trunk of the trees, in the perfect state, early in June; in June and July, the eggs are deposited, being laid upon the bark near the root of the tree; the larvæ hatched therefrom are fleshy whitish grubs nearly cylindrical, and tapering a little from the first ring to the end of the body. The larvæ state continues two or three years. The grub with its strong jaws cuts a cylindrical passage through the bark, and pushes its castings backwards out of the hole, from time to time, while it bores *upwards* into the wood. Killing it by a wire thrust into the holes it has made, is one of the oldest, safest and most successful methods."

Thus it will be seen that Mr. Robinson has one of the highest of written authorities for saying that the borer goes up first; but the best authority must sumbit to existing facts, even though they be exactly opposite to every idea expressed. As the habits of insects are not changed by human assertions, so the borer clings to his old habit of eating his way *downwards* first, notwithstanding the repeated assertions of eminent writers to the contrary.

Hatching out about the first of July, the little grub makes very nearly a straight line downwards; as a rule the miller deposits three or four eggs to each tree, selecting a moist indentation on the trunk of the tree, very near the surface of the ground, wherein to make the deposit. As the eggs are deposited very near together, the little grubs, as they start on life's journey, deviate enough from a perpendicular line, so when they get to the lowest point, they are from one inch to an inch and a half apart, the distance depending somewhat on the size of the tree. The downward course is from four to six inches, and the lowest point the first year is generally reached before very freezing weather, and it is here that the grub spends the first winter. The downward passage is made so near to the surface of the bark, that the castings stain through, and in some places are pushed out, so the course is easily discovered, and the grub picked out with the point of a knife, without injury to the tree. If not destroyed as soon as the warm weather of the spring comes, the grub, which is then about 5 8 of an inch in length, commences its work of destruction: for thus far it has done but very little damage, having eaten but a single passageway down though the inner bark, and perhaps a very small portion of the wood at the lower end of the hole; but when the grub turns upwards he makes pretty clean work of the bark, and as he grows larger he eats more and more of the wood. All summer he is at work eating the bark and wood on the sides of the downward passage, until he meets his twin brother who started on life's journey by the side of him; he then returns to the lowest point to finish out the season by eating the wood just under the bark; if he eats down an inch or more, leaving the bark and a very thin layer of the outer wood untouched, as he sometimes does, he not unfrequently gets caught in his own trap, a sudden rain filling the cavity with water; if he chance to be at the bottom, he is pretty sure to drown; if he escapes this danger, which seems to be the only one the grub has to encounter, except man, sometime in the latter part of autumn he returns to very nearly the point from which he started. Being at this time nearly full grown, he finishes up his work by boring a hole in the tree upward from six to eight inches, and from one-half to an inch from the outside of the tree. When at the highest point he approaches the bark, and when so near the surface as to leave a protection not much thicker than paper, he rests from his destructive work, and passes the winter in changing to the perfect insect.

Some time in June the insect pushes its way through the thin bark, and leaves its home of darkness to enter into the bright sunshine and balmy air of spring; but to roam freely through the air in the light of the day, surrounds it with so many dangers, that instinct has taught it to venture abroad only under cover of darkness.

To protect an orchard from borers it is only necessary to protect the trunk of the tree, from the surface of the ground up six or eight inches; this can be done very cheap in a variety of ways. Good strong paper kept tied around the trunk of the tree, from an inch below, to eight or ten inches above the surface of the ground, during June, July and August, will accomplish the work; tarred paper is perhaps better than common paper; a small mound of sand or fine gravel is quite as good as paper and costs less.

Whatever means are used to keep the borer out, it is important to examine and scrape the trees, removing all borers before the trunk of the tree is covered up with any material; the implements needed for this purpose, are, a good sized knife to scrape the trunk and roots, a sharp pointed knife to kill the small grubs, and a whale bone twelve inches in length, and small enough to enter the hole made by the borer as he ascends the tree; with this latter instrument the borer that has gone up can easily be killed, and it is sometimes very handy to kill borers that are at the lowest point and not easily reached with a pointed knife. Orchardists should never omit to examine trees for borers, below ground, for it is here that the borer does the principal portion of his destructive work. E. H.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

DELICIOUS STRAWBERRIES.

Popular New Varieties, Planting, &c.

BY R. H. HAINES.

Many persons are eagerly awaiting the time when this favorite fruit shall ripen. Those who have been trying different experiments with various systems of cultivation, look forward impatiently to see what will be the results of their experiments, that they may know what plan it will be best for them to follow during the coming season. Other persons, who have been growing a variety of the newer strawberries, also await the coming of June, that they may know which of their varieties are best adapted to their localities, and which of the different kinds it will pay them to plant most largely. Many of the new varieties seem well adapted to nearly all soils, and produce some splendid large berries whether planted North or South, East or West. Others of the newer sorts are more fastidious as to where they are planted, and though in some localities they may not thrive very well, yet their fruit is of such immense size, and so melting and high-flavored that they are well worth experimenting with, as where they do succeed they are well worth growing. Success with one of these giant varieties soon makes amends for want of success with half a dozen other kinds.

President Lincoln—Though this is not strictly a "new variety," having been known to the public now for some two or three years, yet its berries combine qualities of such rare excellence that they are well worthy of repeated description. Some specimens of the fruit are simply *immense*, measuring nine and ten inches around their greatest circumference, while one colossal berry has mensured over twelve inches around, being excelled by only one berry—the Great American—which measured fourteen and a quarter inches around, and was duly exhibited to the public in New York City. However, the "President Lincoln" being a sweeter berry, and better adapted to general cultivation, has become much more of a favorite.

Huddleston's Favorite—The growing of these extra large berries is much easier than many suppose, and yet too many persons go to the opposite extreme, and think that because they can be easily grown, that they will give them but little cultivation, and consequently nearly neglect them, and allow the weeds to hold high revelry among the plants. When the time of fruiting comes around, forgetful of the neglect that the plants have received, they are surprised to see how small the berries are, and immediately imagine that either they must have the wrong varieties of strawberries for their soil or that there must be some special method for growing the fruit successfully, which they have not yet learned. If such persons would merely enrich

into milk. So remarkable is this fact, that all dairy farmers who have any experience on the point, agree in stating *that an Ayrshire cow generally gives a larger return of milk for the food consumed than a cow of any other breed.* The absolute quantity may not be so great, but it is obtained at a less cost; and this is the point upon which the question of profit depends.

The Ploughman

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1880.

A conflict between Russia and China is considered certain.

Parnell has announced his intention to sit in Parliament for Cork.

The Indians are reported to be depredating and committing acts of violence on the borders of Arizona in New Mexico.

The new fast trains between this city and New York, over the Boston and Albany Railroad, are making superior time.

The new French cable has broken again, supposed to be near St. Pierre, and Anglo-American cable stock has improved in consequence.

An indescribable scoundrel cut almost all the rhododendron bulbs last Monday night, so that the anticipated show in the Public Garden is spoiled.

The correspondence on the fishery question will soon be made public. It is proposed in some way to indemnify the Gloucester fishermen for their losses.

A delegation of the city council of Montreal waited upon Mayor Prince of this city on Tuesday, and in company with the Board of Health inspected the Brighton Abbatoir.

The bankrupt bill that was drafted by Judge Lowell, of this city, has been accepted by the Committee of Congress, but its consideration is to be postponed until December.

The census enumerators are to be paid more liberally than was at first reported. they will receive about $1.75 for every hundred names, and a good enumerator will take at least 200 names per day.

English and American merchants are to be materially effected by the determined policy on the part of Prussia to deprive the ancient towns of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lubeck of their rights as free ports.

The largest list of divorce cases ever made up in the Commonwealth was opened in the Supreme Judicial Court on Tuesday morning before Judge Soule. There are 201 cases to be disposed of, 141 of which are uncontested.

A military court of inquiry is in session at Washington, Gen. Hancock presiding, to determine the reason for Gen. Sheridan's depriving Gen. Warren of his command of the Fifth Division at the battle of Five Forks.

Capt. Potter, of the American frigate Constellation which was sent out with supplies for the relief of suffering in Ireland, has been presented with the freedom of the city of Dublin,—the fourth person who has been made the recipient of that honor.

The steamer Samaria, from Liverpool, came into this port about noon of Wednesday, having in tow the Danish steamer Thingvalls, which had loosened and finally lost her propellor, and was showing signals of distress. The latter had five hundred passengers on board.

It turns out that the death of the Franciscan friar, Ira Giovanni del Papa, at Rome, was caused by a dose of arsenic, administered by a brother monk, who was jealous of del Papa's magnificent tenor voice. The dead monk is described as a most amiable, harmless, child-like man, having no enemy in the world.

CONGRESS.

The Senate has been occupied of late with the debate over the Kellogg case, which involves his right to a seat for Louisiana. The President vetoed the Special Deficiency Appropriation bill, on the ground that general legislation was introduced in an appropriation bill. The House passed the bill amending the internal revenue laws. A bill was introduced into the Senate, providing that the President of the Senate shall submit to the Senate and the House, when assembled to count the votes for President and Vice President, all packages purporting to contain electoral votes. The tariff bill is still under consideration by the Ways and Means Committee. The House Committee on Indian Affairs agreed to recommend the passage of the bill for the transfer of the Indian Bureau from the Interior to the War Department, the transfer to be made July 1, 1881, instead of 1880. The River and Harbor bill was reported from the Commerce Committee to the House. The President sent several nominations to the Senate, and sundry nominations were confirmed by the Senate. Several amendments are to be added to the Post Office Appropriation bill by the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads. The designations of route agents, mail route messengers, local agents, and railway postal clerks are to be abolished. The Department of State has been notified that the Ottoman Government has decided, for economical reasons, to abolish several of its missions abroad, including that to this country. The Senate passed the bill authorizing a claims convention with Nicaragua. The House Judiciary Committee voted to postpone the further consideration of a bankrupt bill until next December.

MONEY, STOCKS AND BUSINESS.

Money may be called easy, the prices at the Clearing House, or between the banks, being as low as three and three and one-half per cent. New York funds range from ten to twenty cents per thousand dollars discount. The weekly bank statement is not so favorable. Sterling exchange is a trifle weaker. Discounts are to be obtained at from four to six per cent. Legal tenders are growing scarce. Gold coin is coming into circulation visibly. The Boston stock market sympathizes more or less closely with that of New York. The "bears" appear to have full control of the New York market, and their ultimate designs appear to be past finding out. The tendency of all sorts of stocks is downward, the decline being fully ten per cent. from what they were a month ago.

The fancy stocks of course share the fortunes of the dividend-paying ones. It is accounted singular that good railroad properties should recede in price in the share market when the business of the country abundantly shows that it is more than sustaining their value. This striking feature of the case, namely, the fact that railroad traffic is everywhere increasing and is now in a highly prosperous condition, is one that cannot easily be put out of sight. There may be hitches and occasional obstructions in the progress of business, but as a whole the movement will be an advance one. This country offers too much work for capital to do, to occasion despondency in any quarter. The men who have the stock market in their hands are therefore not to be taken as the true and only exponents of its advancement and prosperity.

THE FISHERY DISPUTE.

Inasmuch as the outcome of our dispute with Great Britain and the Provinces is far from being established, and the question of damages for the Fortune Bay outrages is still unsettled, it will not be untimely or uninstructive to take a brief review of the history of the matter in connection with the Treaty of Washington. The two subjects of dispute which were to be settled by the Commission were the fishery question and the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River. In these Canada was of course specially interested. Our claim, or contention was that American fishermen had the right to take fish off Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The British commissioners consented to yield it to us, on the conditions which our diplomatists readily accepted.

These conditions were that Canadian fishermen should have reciprocal rights in American waters; that the catch of Canadian fishermen should be admitted, free of duty, to the United States markets; and that a commission should assess the damages to be paid by the United States Government. The result of all which was that we paid five million dollars for the privilege of opening a market for Canadian fishermen. From the very first, it has been unhesitatingly asserted by our own fishermen that the privilege granted to them of fishing in Canadian waters has been more than compensated by the opening of our markets to Canadian fishermen. It is mainly for this reason that it has been demanded that notice shall be given to terminate that part of the treaty relating to the fisheries.

The free navigation of the St. Lawrence River was secured to citizens of the United States upon the following conditions: first, that during five months of the year, when the St. Lawrence was closed to navigation, we should on our part promise free ports of entry for the trade of the Dominion; second, that goods, wares and merchandise may be conveyed in transit, without payment of duties, from the United States through Canada to other places in the United States, and that citizens of the United States may carry in United States vessels from one port of Canada to another, provided a portion of the transportation in the United States is by land, without the payment of duty, the reciprocal right being extended to citizens of the British possessions; and, thirdly, that we guarantee the use of the St. Clair Flats Canal to British subjects on as favorable [conditions as our own citizens enjoy, and the free navigation of Lake Michigan, in turn receiving the same terms from the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals.

It is claimed and insisted that in each and all of these conditions the interests of the United States were sacrificed, and that we practically gave our Canadian neighbors the means of growing rich at our expense. We can get no real advantages from the right to navigate the St. Lawrence; and when the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals are enlarged so as to carry two thousand ton ships, British vessels may load grain at Chicago and Detroit and carry it direct to Liverpool. This will of course be at the expense of the business of the Erie Canal and of our own Atlantic ports. The above is a brief restatement of the case which was submitted, under the Treaty of Washington, to the commission with whose results there is so little satisfaction.

The Dairying Interest.—The National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association held its seventh annual convention at Indianapolis, Ind., last week, the representation of the leading dairymen of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other cities being quite large. The President being absent, Vice President Gooch of Illinois was called on to preside. Secretary Littlar made an address on the first day, giving many interesting facts in relation to the dairy business. He said that the money value of the dairy products of the United States exceeds that of any other interest save two. Hay takes the lead, then comes corn, and after that the cow. The value of the poultry and eggs produced in the United States is estimated to be equal to that of the cotton crop. If we could but make each pound of butter worth two cents more, and each pound of cheese one cent more, twenty-five million dollars would be annually added to the general wealth of the country. Mr. T. D. Curtis, of New York, read a paper on some of the requisites of successful dairying. A report was also read from the committee on transportation, to whom had been referred a complaint of exorbitant freight charges on butter and poultry to the Pacific coast over the Union Pacific Railroad. A series of reports was also read from various cities as to the receipts, exports, and consumption of butter, cheese, eggs and poultry, for the year ending April 1st. A number of topics were discussed at the second day's session, among—The standard tub for the English market; what quantity shall constitute a tub of butter,—Oleomargarine. The Egg Trade, and The Poultry Trade of the different cities. The Convention adopted resolutions recommending a general law prohibiting the sale of oleomargarine by any other name. George E. Gooch, of Chicago, was elected President, and J. C. Fry, of Mass., one of the Vice Presidents for the coming year.

The Oleomargarine Question.—It is insisted by all honest dairymen and dealers, that the new article known as oleomargarine shall be sold under that name, and not as butter. Unless it is compelled to sail under its own colors, there is obvious danger that the butter trade will be wholly ruined in the end. To sell oleomargarine, or any other substitute for butter by its own name is honest enough, whether the article be as good as butter or not; but to dispose of it to innocent purchasers, leaving them to think that they are buying butter and are going to eat it, is a fraud of the deepest dye, and such business is rascally at both ends. The dairy interests deserve the most assiduous protecting care at this time, and they should receive it. The best that can be said of oleomargarine is that it is made of rotten fat, which is doctored in various ways, and that according to all known food-principles it is both filthy and health-destroying. If any one prefers it to good sweet butter, he has a perfect right to do so, and others have an equal right to think as they will of his taste and judgment. But to sell such stuff to persons under the belief on their part that they are buying butter, is worse than mixing stale eggs with good ones and disposing of them in that way. More than this, the dairying interest of the country is too great to be jeopardized by these unprincipled and rascally dealers. The law will punish a man who puts stones into his bales of cotton, and it ought equally to provide for the punishment of the man who knowingly sells filthy and unwholesome fat for good, honest butter. It any class of our citizens is entitled to the fullest and promptest protection in this matter, it is our farmers and dairymen, who, in the last resort, will try their case at the ballot-box before the people.

Blockade of Callao.—The Chillian have succeeded in blockading Callao, which is regarded as serious business. Callao is the most important seaport on the Pacific coast of South America. All the foreign steamships rendezvous there, and it is the point at which the commercial mails of all nations engaged in the South Pacific commerce are made up. No foreign power of course has any right to interfere in the war which is now being carried on between Chili and Peru, nor can they take offence at neutral ships having been warned off by the Chilian government. But when the war has reached a stage at which foreign powers become seriously interfered with in their regular business, they will naturally look into it to see if the time to offer mediation between the contestants has not come.

Dividing the Year.—Owing to certain notorious incongruities in the weather which strangely confuse the seasons as they are now partitioned, it is proposed to divide the year into two general parts, to be called simply Winter and Summer—the former to embrace all the months from November to April inclusive, and the latter to take in all the rest from May to October inclusive. This would divide the year into two equal parts. There is Spring and Winter scattered through the extreme limits of Summer. But for all dividing purposes those two seasons are to be ruled out in this latitude. For ourselves, we have always been in the habit of calling May and June by the name of Spring and September and October by that of Autumn,

Special Bank Deposits.—It has been at last settled that a national bank may receive special deposits of securities as a part of its legitimate business, either with or without compensation; and that the bank, whether so remunerated or not, will be liable for the loss of the securities resulting from negligence. This has been declared to be the law by the United States Supreme Court, in an action against the First National Bank of Carlisle, Penn, which had received from the plaintiff $4,000 in government bonds for safe keeping. The cashier gave a receipt for them, and was in the habit of cutting off the coupons as they became due, collecting them, and placing the proceeds to the owner's credit on the books of the bank. Like deposits were also received from other persons by the bank. The plaintiff's bonds were stolen, and suit was brought to recover their value. The Court decided that it is legitimate for a bank to receive such specie deposits, and is bound, whether paid for it or not, to exercise due diligence for their safe keeping.

Tunnel Telegraphing.—The underground system of operating telegraph wires is about to be practically tested by an association of gentlemen of this city, who have secured a special charter of the Legislature for that purpose, and are to be known as "The Boston Subterranean Telegraph Company." The expectation is that their lines will be in operation, wholly or in part, within a year. The difficulty of overcoming the "induction current," it is believed, has been overcome beyond all possible doubt. The fact that underground telephone wires are work. ing satisfactorily in foreign countries goes to show that the telegraph wires can be operated successfully in the same way in this country. A sufficient number of wires can be laid down in all sections of the city for the entire telegraph business of all descriptions; and they are then to be rented to telegraph, telephone and such other companies or individuals as require their use. They are to be laid in iron pipes, each wire insulated in the most effective modern manner, and the pipes are to be below a point where frost will be likely to affect them.

Taxing Foreign Capital.—The bill taxing foreign capital which passed the legislature of New York was vetoed by Gov. Cornell, and the veto gives universal satisfaction. The proposed measure would, in effect, have imposed greater burdens upon foreign than upon home capital. If a New York merchant were to borrow money outside of the country and use it in New York, the State law does not tax either himself or the lender upon it; the borrower is exempted from taxation upon the money he owes, and the lender cannot be reached by the law of the State. It is therefore plain that the proposed tax would have been a penalty on foreign capital, associated for establishing loan agencies in New York—a measure of the worst possible policy in every respect. More and worse than this, the law as passed would have driven foreign capital out of the State altogether, and thus done greater injury to business than could have been done by allowing it to be exempt from taxation.

The Hercules Wind Engine.—This form of a windmill, the invention of Mr. Wm. A. Wheeler, of Worcester, which is advertised in the *Ploughman*, is manufactured by Messrs. H. C. Fish & Co., of Worcester, who are manufacturers for the United States. It received a silver medal at the New Eng. Agricultu'l Fair for 1879, and is deservedly held in high favor by those who have used it for farm and other purposes. The advertisement sufficiently describes its several features, as well as the principles on which it is operated. The regulator is so arranged as to increase both the speed and power when in motion, so as to carry them to the highest point of the engine's capacity and keep them there. It is of simple construction, and, besides being of moderate cost, is adapted to the various forms of buildings.

☞ *American Grape Growing and Wine Making*, by George Husmann, Professor of Horticulture in the University of Missouri, with contributions from well-known grape growers, giving a wide range of experience, is an illustrated book of much interest at the present time, the author being the recognized authority in the United States on grape growing and wine making. His embodiments of the methods and opinions of eminent grape cultivators in all parts of the country will be found of great value. The book will be found a complete guide for novices in the culture of the vine, while it may likewise be regarded as a summing up of everything of importance and value bearing upon this industry. Special attention is paid to the phylloxera, whose destruction of the roots of vines, twelve or fifteen years ago, had much to do with the collapse of the grape-growing interest. The experiments and discoveries of Husmann and his associates in connection with this troublesome little insect are for the first time presented in this volume, which is handsomely published by the Orange Judd Company of New York.

☞ *Brain and Mind*; or Mental Science considered in accordance with the principles of Phrenology, and in relation to Modern Physiology, is a book by Henry S. Drayton, A. M., and James McNeill. It is illustrated and neatly published by S. R. Wells & Co. The sentiment on the title-page is an expressive one, as follows:—"The greatest friend to Truth is Time; her greatest enemy is Prejudice; and her constant companion is Humility." Its application is this: that with the lapse of time since Gale first proclaimed his new doctrines of mental philosophy, those doctrines have steadily won their way into popular belief, and that, too, in spite of prejudice, bigotry, and conservatism. The avowed object of this volume is to set forth anew the substance and system of those doctrines as they are practically illustrated and applied. It is intended as a treatise on the relations of the thinking principle to its physical instrument, embodying the well-known doctrines of Phrenology and exhibiting their connection with the latest modern physiological thought. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

☞ *The Ohio Poland-China Record* published by the Association bearing the same name, has reached a second volume, which is a handsome affair in all respects. It is simply a record of pedigrees for the swine bearing the name of Poland-China. Public sentiment is beginning to demand full and straight pedigrees of all breeding animals. Even those who affect to despise the record give the preference to animals with a reputable ancestry. Volume II of the Record, the compilers state, has been attended with peculiar difficulties in the compiling, the most of which are set forth by those who have given themselves to the work. An index is furnished to the animals recorded in Volume I, with their appropriate numbers; and although there may be much incompleteness still in the two volumes now issued, enough has been already secured to enable careful and enterprising breeders to learn much about the several herds and families of Poland-Chinas, which could not have been learned by a single person. The pedigrees, it is claimed, show greater fullness, care, and accuracy than can elsewhere be found. The present volume is issued by Peter G. Thomson, 179 Vine Street, Cincinnati, and sold for $3,00. Sent by mail, prepaid, to any address, on receipt of price.

☞ We call attention to the announcement of the Matfield Fertilizer Company in another column. This company, already well known in the farming community for its integrity, obtained some seven years ago the formulas of Dr. Joseph Hathaway, an eminent chemist of Boston, who originated these manures, and soon attracted the public attention by the success of his experiments. Since the company have been engaged in manufacturing, farmers of all sections in New England have voluntarily favored them with the most flattering testimonials, and the list of their regular patrons is annually increasing. The company will be pleased to furnish pamphlets and price list on application. Their office is 13 Doane st. Boston, Mass.

APRIL WEATHER IN BOSTON.—Sergeant B. M. Pursell, of the U. S. Signal Corps' stationed in Boston, in his general summary for the month of April, gives the following:—

Highest barometer, 30.370; lowest, 29,411; monthly range, 959; highest temperature, 73 deg; lowest, 22 deg.; range, 50 deg.; greatest daily range, 35; least daily range, 6; mean of maximum, 56; mean of minimum, 36 9, mean daily range, 19,1; prevailing direction of wind, southwest; total movement, 8901 miles; highest velocity and direction, 37, southwest; number of foggy days, 0; clear, 9; fair, 12; cloudy days on which rain or snow fell, 8; days on which rain or snow fell, 12; dates of lunar halos, 21st; dates of frosts, 9th. Comparative temperature—1871, 46.7; 1872, 46.3; 1873, 44.6; 1874, 39.1; 1875, 42 2; 1876, 43.2; 1877, 44.3; 1878, 47.2; 1879, 42.4. Comparative precipitations; 1871, 3.79 inches; 1872, 1.31 inches; 1873, 3.83 inches; 1874, 7.99 inches; 1875, 4.92 inches; 1876, 3.61 inches; 1877, 4.19 inches; 1878, 6.14 inches; 1879, 6.04 inches.

☞ William M. Taylor, D. D., who for a number of years has been the editor of the *Christian at Work*, has resigned the editorship of that paper. The doctor found his duties as editor, with other pressing duties as pastor of one of the largest churches in the city, too much for his time and strength. We regret his been obliged to leave the paper, as it has greatly improved during his connection with it, and is now regarded as among the most able, instructive and attractive of our religious weeklies. We are confident, however, that the paper will not suffer by the change. Mr. Bright, who has long been connected with the office, and whose editorial service and ready pen are well known, will doubtless make the paper all it has been, and we should not be surprised if it shows signs of decided improvement.

READ AND RUN.

—On May Day morning, the thermometer on Mt. Washington indicated one degree below zero, the lowest temperature ever recorded at that station in May.

—Most of the wild animals on exhibition in this country come from the great gardens of Hartmann in Berlin.

—The Philadelphia Times says, speaking of two sermons on the same Sunday, instead of a second service, the main part of which is a sermon, give us a magnificent service of sacred song.

—People are learning that it is better to wear a low-heeled shoe than a high one.

—Anna Dickinson is now reading her new play of "Aurelian" through the West.

—The Boston School Festival is appointed for July 3d, and complaint is made that it comes much too near the Fourth.

—Rev. Dr. A. S. Stone, who went from this city to San Francisco, is reported to be in such failing health as to compel him to think seriously of giving up preaching.

—In Ireland, the people call the benevolent Duchess of Marlborough "the lady lieutenant."

—Hon. Wm. Wirt Warren, a well-known lawyer of this city and formerly a member of Congress from the Eighth District, died at his residence in Brighton on Sunday last.

—Gen. Sherman's third daughter, Mary, was married this week to Lieut. Mackare of the Navy.

—Bret Hart has brought a libel suit against a Berlin newspaper.

—The flags and uniform of the late Gen. Thomas were destroyed by the burning of Memorial Hall, at Cincinnati.

—The square man is said to be the best one to have round.

—It will cost over a million dollars to secure the proposed site for the new City Court House on Pemberton Square.

—Small pox has broken out among the French Canadian residents in the eastern part of Fall River. It was brought by a boy from Canada.

—Ice formed in New York and on Long Island, on the morning of May 1, and snow squalls occurred along the Hudson River

—The British House of Commons adjourned until the 20th, which covers the usual Whitsuntide recess.

—The final adjournment of Congress can be reached by June 1, if the two houses confine themselves to the more urgent topics of legislation.

—May Day is a holiday at the Bank of England and on the stock exchange.

—Having read a statement in this column that a silver dollar of the date of 1804, in a good state of preservation is valued at $1000, Mrs. Eliza Sutton of Peabody, Mass., writes to the *Ploughman* to say that she knows of a person who has *two* of that date, and would be glad to exchange them for that sum without any publicity in the transaction. Coin collectors would do well to address Mrs. Sutton as above.

—Last week's gale buried under the sand at New Haven oysters valued at over $20,000.

—Thousands of tons of Limburgher cheese are said to be produced every season, mostly in the States of New York and Wisconsin, at a cost of less than half of that of the imported article.

—A German physician claims to have discovered a means of dying the eyes of animals in general, and of men in particular, any color he pleases. He asserts that his process, instead of injuring, strengthens and improves the sight.

—The dissolution of the well known publishing firm of Houghton, Osgood & Co., naturally excites wide comment.

—The tendency of the assessors to advance the city's appraisal of real estate is somewhat severely criticised by the public press.

—New York, through its legislature, has been doing its best to drive foreign capital out of Wall street.

—The Egyptian obelish, that is destined for New York, has been successfully launched at Alexandria, and will soon be on its way across the Atlantic.

—Sir John A. Macdonald has moved, in the Canadian parliament, for the committee of the whole to consider the resolution appropriating one hundred millions of acres of land in Manitoba and Northern Territories for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

—The total number of national banks organized since November 1, 1879 is forty, with a capital of $5,312,070.

—About $250,000,000 in money, locked up in private hands for the past fifteen or eighteen years in United States six per cents of 1881, is to be released by the payment of the whole of these bonds without renewal,—in the opinion of capable financial judges.

—Major General Heintzelman died in Washington last week, at the age of seventy-three.

—There are five Chinamen in New York who have announced their intention to become "Melican men," or citizens of the United States.

—We presume to name May and June as the Spring months in this latitude.

—The Handel and Haydn Society has been holding its triennial festival in this city, during the current week, the last musical performance occurring on Sunday.

—The season for oyster eating has gone by.

—A new Bonapartist journal is to be published in Paris—Le Napoleon.

—There is more horseback riding to be seen in and around Boston than ever before.

—Jacob A Spaulding, L.L.D., principal of Barre Academy, Vt., died suddenly of heart disease last Thursday. He was a veteran and distinguished instructor.

—The artesian well, on Providence street in this city, had gone down 660 feet on Saturday last, and was still descending.

—The Supreme Court of California has granted a writ of habeas corpus in the case of Denis Kearney, returnable May 11th.

—There is at present a strong probability of war between China and Russia, which will effect the price of tea.

—Frank B. Fay has been chosen general agent of the newly united societies for the prevention of cruelty to children.

—A second victim of the elevator accident at Fall River died on Monday last.

—Rev. Dr. Miner preached his 33d. anniversary sermon in this city, on Sunday last.

—British consols rose sharply when it became known that Mr. Gladstone's party had won the recent election.

—The city shop windows are becoming really brilliant in their array of new spring finery.

—We have had a genuine taste of summer this week, which seems to overpower some people very much.

—The Nihilists of Russia are beginning to understand that every enemy of theirs does not deserve to be punished with death.

—A decided change for the better is announced in the health of the Empress of Russia.

—Ireland, it seems, is to have a Quaker Chief Secretary, in the person of Mr. Foster, who belongs to an eminent family among the Society of Friends.

—The Suez Canal is found to be of little benefit to Egypt.

—The sale of the effects of Jay Cooke's estate was continued at Philadelphia, last Saturday. The total amount realized from the assets by public sale, to date, is $507,597.80.

—An Ottawa despatch says that the freight rates for lumber have advanced 33½ per cent.

—The Dominion Government has rescinded the order prohibiting the importation of hogs into Canada from the United States, on condition that they be slaughtered on arrival. Hog cholera is said to have been developed in American hogs kept a short time.

—The President of the State of Panama complains of a lack of notification on the part of Americans of their object in the adjacent waters.

—The trial of the directors of the West England and South Wales Bank, which suspended in December, 1878, charged with falsifying accounts and conspiracy to defraud, has resulted in their acquittal.

—It is insisted that under no possible reciprocity arrangement with Canada can we get as much as we are expected to give.

—The Police Commissioners are reported to be receiving a large number of applications for liquor licenses.

—There is one public school in Boston, attended by nearly four hundred children, of all grades, boys and girls in every room, which is administered by eight teachers; and there has not been a single case of corporal punishment in this school for four years.

—The widow of the late Rev. Sylvanus Cobb, D. D., a distinguished Universalist preacher, died this week at East Boston, at the age of seventy-seven.

—A diminution in the rate of interest on the government debt of Great Britain has been talked of, but the London economist says it would appear highly improbable, if not quite impossible.

—Canadian custom duties and inland revenue receipts for April show an increase in the former of 70 per cent., and in the latter of 300 per cent. on the corresponding month last year.

—The Grand Trunk Railway of Canada has been compelled by the pressure of traffic to increase its rolling stock thirty per cent.

—The producers and carriers of coal are doing their best to get up a boom in that article.

—The Roman Catholic immigration into this country from 1820 to 1875 numbered 3,150,232.

—Seth Green advocates frog culture on every farm where there can be made a frog-pond.

—Our American mania for watering the stock of railroad companies has invaded England.

—People are beginning to make the customary preparations for their summer changes of residence. The seaside and mountain resorts, public and private, are being put in readiness for their summer occupants.

—Nearly 50,000 emigrants landed at Castle Garden, in New York, during the month of April, bound for the West. It was the largest number ever received into this country in a single month.

—Thursday of the current week was Ascension Day, and was duly celebrated in a number of the churches.

—The new French cable is to charge but fifty cents a word for despatches hereafter.

TIMELY CAUTION.

Genuine Hop Bitters are put up in square paneled, amber-colored bottles, with white label on one side printed in black letters, and green hop cluster, and on the other side yellow paper with red letters; revenue stamp over the cork. This is the only form in which genuine Hop Bitters are put up, and the sole right to make, sell and use them is granted to the Hop Bitters M'f'g Co., of Rochester, N. Y., and Toronto, Ont., by patents, copyrights and trade mark. All others put up in any other way or by any one else, claiming to be like it or pretending to contain hops, by whatever names them may be called, are bogus and unfit for use, and only put up to sell and cheat the people on the popularity of Hop Bitters.

☞ SORE THROAT, COUGH, COLD and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious Pulmonary Affections, oftentimes incurable. *" Brown's Bronchial Troches"* reach directly the seat of the disease, and gives almost instant relief.

☞ The Syracuse Chilled Plow Co. have nearly doubled their capacity for 1880.

From the "Old Salamander" Drug House.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 12, 1880.

Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co. Rochester, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN: We trust our order will reach in season to be promptly filled. The demand for your Safe Remedies, especially the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, is continuous and increasing, and our customers speak in the highest terms of their value. Several cases of cures which have come under our observation are complete and most remarkable. Very truly yours,

VAN SCHAACK, STEVENSON & CO.

☞ 8 X Wick Trimmer, 15 cents. See advertisement. apr24-4t

☞ Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* dec20

ARE YOU GOING TO PAINT?

The Averill Paint—ready for use—is guaranteed superior to all others. Parties intending to paint will find it to their advantage to investigate its merits. By addressing the AVERILL PAINT CO., 19 Federal Street, Boston, a sample card and testimonial will be cheerfully mailed. mh13-tf

MARRIAGES.

In Jamaica Plain, May 1st, by Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Mr. Wilbur H. Powers of Boston to Miss Emily Owen of Lebanon, N. H.

In Lawrence, April 20th, by Rev. Clark Carter, Mr. William Praddex to Miss Caroline D. Kirk, both of Lawrence.

In Burke, 22d Boston, May 4d, by Rev. Henry Burrows, D. D., Capt. Nelson S Bartlett to Miss Charlotte A. Hooper, both of East Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, May 2d, Nelson Wellman, 73 yrs. 3 mos

In this city, May 3d, Mrs. Ann O. Livermore, wife of the late Elijah Livermore, aged 81 years, 11 months.

In this city, May 3d, Capt. Josiah A. Hannum, late of the U. S. Navy, 58 years 4 months.

In Charlestown, May 1st, Charlie L. Melcher, 28 years.

In New Bedford, May 2d, Mary S., widow of the late John Bayles, 85 years.

In New Bedford, May 2d, Lewis Buloid, 79 years 22 days.

In Brighton District, May 2d, William Wirt Warren, 46 years 2 months 8 days.

In Cambridgeport, May 2d, Mrs. Lucy West, in her 89th year.

In Westborough, May 1st, E. M. Phillips, 88 yrs.

In East New Portland, Me., April 29th, Frank Sanger Hoyt of Boston, 23 years 11 months 17 days, only son of the late Dr. George A. Hoyt, of Framingham, Mass.

In Chicago, April 30th, Oscar P. Higgins, 52 years, formerly of Boston.

In South Milford, May 3d, Mrs. Lucy R., widow of the late Johnson Parkman, 84 years.

In Woburn, suddenly, May 4th, Mrs. Jerusha Wood, relict of the late Sylvanus Wood, 82 years.

In Newburyport, April 29th, Mrs. Mary H., wife of Mr. Jesse Hatfin, 53 years 8 months.

In Newburyport, April 26th, Mrs. Sally D., widow of Mr. Amos C. Clement, 81 years 4 months.

In Taunton, May 1st, John Chadwick, 78 years.

In Winona, Minn., April 27th, Andrew J. Stevens, formerly of Wellesley, Mass., 46 years.

In Somerville, April 28d, Mrs. Hannah Merritt, wife of Obid Merritt, 6 years.

In Salisbury, Montana Territory, April 14th, John Richards, 34 years, formerly of Cohasset, Mass.

In Quincy, April 12th, M. Jenny, wife of the late Capt. William Adams of Nashua, N. H., and daughter of the late Benjamin Bass, 49 yrs. 9 mos. 26 dys

In Weymouth, April 18th, Mr. John Brooks Tower, 62 years 5 months 12 days.

In West Bridgewater, April 18th, Mary L., daughter of the late Joseph B. and Mary A. Bullard, 19 years 6 months 12 days.

In Essex, April 16th, Miss Isabella Butler, 79 years 6 months.

In North Easton, April 17th, Francis Tilden, 60 10 months.

In South Natick, April 18th, Louisa M. Titus, 70 years 18 days.

In Jamica Plain, April 26th, William S. Smith, 25 years 8 months 14 days.

In Dedham, April 26th, Mrs. Rebecca M. Wight, 69 years 7 months 17 days.

In Hingham, April 26th, Mrs. Maria Hersey, wife of the late Capt. Stephen Hersey, and daughter of the late Mr. Welcome Lincoln, 74 yrs 7 mos. 10 dys.

In Milford, Mass., April 25th, Martin J. Brockway, 56 years.

In Danvers, April 25th, Laura C., daughter of Mary A. and the late Robert K. Smith, 18 yrs. 7 mos.

In Haverhill, April 26th, Mrs. Mary E. Moore, wife of Dr. James O. Moore, 49 years.

In Newburyport, April 24th, Edwin S. Roberts, 33 years 8 months.

In West Bridgewater, April 26th, Nathan Copeland, 74 years 10 months 28 days.

In Chelsea, April 28th, Mr. John Bean, 64 years 10 months 9 days.

In Quincy, April 21st, Freeman Howes, 77 years 1 month 21 days.

In Danvers, April 24th, Isaac B. Howe, formerly of Northfield, Vt., 53 years.

Domestic Markets.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Flour.—The trade continue to buy in such lots as are required for immediate wants, but there is not much disposition shown yet to anticipate the future. Corn meal remains steady, with moderate sales at $2 45@2 50 ₩ bbl. Wheat flour is quiet at $4 75@6 25, and oatmeal is selling from $5 25@5 75 for common to good brands, and $6@7 25 for choice to fancy. Supers range from $4 00@4 37½; common extras at $4 50@5 25; medium do at $5 50@5 25, and choice Wisconsin and Minnesota, including fancy bakers' brands at $6 00@7 00 ₩ bbl. Winter wheat flours sell at $5 75@6 00 for Ohio and Michigan, with a few popular brands held a little higher; Indiana at $6@6 25; Illinois and St. Louis at $6 25@6 75. Winter wheat patents at $6 50@6 75; spring wheat patents from $7 00@8 50 ₩ bbl, and choice brands are held in large supply.

Corn.—We quote No. 2 mixed at 53@53½; No. 1 mixed at 54@55c, and yellow at 55@56c ₩ bush.

Oats.—Receipts light and stocks small, but there is also a limited demand at 45@47c for mixed; 47@48c for No. 3 whites; 48@49c for No. 2 whites, and 51c for choice No. 1 whites. Extra sell at something higher.

Mill Feed.—There is a light supply of Shorts, and prices range from $26@27 ₩ ton for carload and smaller lots, and Feed and Middlings are quoted at the same price.

Southern Trade.—There has been a fair demand at $2 50@3 ₩ bbl for Savannah cabbage; $4 50@5 for Norfolk asparagus; $4 ₩ crate for Florida tomatoes; $1 25@1 37 for cucumbers; 35@40c ₩ box for strawberries; $2 ₩ crate for Bermuda onions; $6 ₩ bbl for Bermuda potatoes.

Potatoes.—We quote Eastern Rose at 45@50c, and Northern do at 40@50c ₩ bush. Prolifics are dull at 35@45c; Jacksons at 35@38c; Davis Seedlings sell in a small way at 40@45c, and Garnets at 35@40c. There is a fair trade for Peerless, and the market is firm at 40@45c. Native onions are steady at $4 25 ₩ bush.

Apples.—There is a fair demand for prime lots of No 1 Baldwins and Russets at $3 50@4 00 ₩ bbl.

Beans.—Mediums are in moderate supply and prices are strong at $1 40@1 50 ₩ bush; pea beans are firm at $1 70@1 80, the latter an extreme price for something extra; yellow eyes continue in fair demand at $2 10@2 30 ₩ bush

Maple Sugar.—Tub sugar sells from 8@9c ₩ lb; coarse dark cakes at 9@10c, and small cakes, including choice light, at 10@13c. Syrup at 70@90c ₩ gal.

Poultry and Game.—There is a steady demand for fowls at 13@15c; chickens are more plenty, and prices range from 20@25c ₩ lb for winter, 25@30c for spring chickens. Wild pigeons are plenty at 80@90c ₩ doz.

Hay.—Market steady with a fair demand, and we quote fine freshly-pressed hay at $17@18 ₩ ton; good at $16; common at 14@15; inferior at $12 ₩ ton. Straw at $26 ₩ ton.

BOSTON PROVISION MARKET.

Prices are unaltered on pork and lard, and remain firm for hams. Jobbing sales of prime and extra prime pork at $10 50@11 00; mess at $12@12 50 ₩ bbl; long cut clear at $15; short cut do at $15 50, and backs at $15 75@16 25 ₩ bbl. Smoked meats are in steady demand and firm at 7½@8c for ribs and shoulders, and 10@11c ₩ lb for large and small hams. Lard is in better demand, and prices are firmer at 7½@8c ₩ lb for Boston and Western rendered. Dressed hogs are steady and in fair demand, with sales at 6¼@6½c ₩ lb for city dressed as to quality and weight. Beef.—We quote mess at $10 00@10 50; extra mess at $10 50@11 00; family at $11 00@11 50, and extra plate at $12 50@13 00 ₩ bbl.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

There is very little old cheese here and prices range from 14@16c as to quality. New cheese is not plenty, but there have been some receipts that sold at 9@10c for skim; 12c for partly skim and 15c for choice whole milk.

ST. ALBANS BUTTER MARKET.

The St. Albans butter market was quiet on Tuesday and prices weak. Good to choice, 18 to 20 cents; selections, 21 cents. General price, 20 to 21 cents.

ALBANY CATTLE MARKET.

Beeves.—The cotsides price of the market was 5½c ₩ lb on straight bunches of good native steers, averaging 1,300 lbs and upwards, while very few transactions took place at that figure. From that point prices ranged down to 4½c ₩ lb for common light natives. The through shipments for the week have been 436 loads to New York, 202 to Brighton, and 65 to Providence.

Prices.—Premium, $5 00@5 50; extra, $4 87@5 00; first quality, $4 00@4 37; second quality, $3 37@3 62; third quality, $2 00@2 50; inferior, $1 50@1 75.

Milch Cows.—The supply has been amply sufficient for the demand, which, all told, took not more than a dozen head. Three very fair Milch

NEWS SUMMARY.

Patrick McNulty, a laborer in Pawtucket, R. I., was killed by the caving in of a bank Monday.

A trout weighing four and a quarter pounds was caught recently in a brook near Wareham.

George E. Gould has been killed at Bridgeport, Ct., by a falling stone.

Sarah Estes of Brewer, Me., is under arrest at Bangor, charged with arson.

Three new cases of small-pox were reported at Fall River Tuesday, and a second case has been fatal.

Diphtheria in its worst form prevails at Richford, Vermont. Six deaths have recently occurred there.

The $100,000 capital required to start a new national bank at South Framingham, Mass., has been subscribed.

Sidney L. Day was thrown from his carriage at North Troy, Vt., and seriously, if not fatally, injured.

A steamer which will carry 200 passengers and 50 tons of freight, will be put on Lake Waushacum, if it is understood, be put on Lake Waushacum, if it is understood, Mass., this year.

Stoughton, Mass., has bought a site for its new town house for $5000, saving $6000 by not owning on the burned district.

A infant son of George Beardsley of New Milford recently swallowed a button hook, the barbed remedy swallowed a button hook, the barbed remedy of which fatally hurt him by breaking a piece of which fatally hurt him by breaking

The arrival of 3,803 immigrants Thursday swells the total for the month of 42,261. The largest number ever before reached was 42,743, in March, 1873.

The home born of George Eliot was struck by lightning and burned at Lowell Tuesday. The spire of the Highland Methodist church was struck and slightly damaged.

A woman named Wyman in Christiansburg Ky., Monday locked the doors and set fire to her house, burning herself and five children to death.

Patrick Hunt, a wild young man of Bridgewater, was arrested, charged with setting the fire which destroyed the Hunt city a year ago. His father is a New York banker.

The daughter of M. F. Plimpton, of Fitchburg, was thrown from a horse Monday and struck on the brick walk on her head, fracturing her skull.

Reports from late seeding of spring wheat, oats and barley in the Red river and Minnesota valleys are favorable, and a large crop is expected, the low lands having delayed seeding somewhat.

Samuel McDonald of Bangor, Me., who has been in the county jail awaiting sentence for burglary, escaped from the washroom window in the roof.

The town of Milford, arrested for the murder of Mary Ann Wintert, has been removed to the insane department of the Boston.

A New York manufacturing company of Brooklyn has a great cotton mill there, which is to be of stone and brick, and the foundations are being torn down to make way for a new structure.

Hon. Henry Wilson, near Bridgewater, died in the other day. He was in his usual health until the last week, when he was taken ill, and in less than a month he was dead. He was born in Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812, and was therefore in his sixty-eighth year. He was a shoemaker by trade, and worked at the business in Natick for many years. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1840, 1841, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889,

The Poet's Corner.

CHIDING.

Baby, with grieving lip and eye,
Reaches out his eager hand
For the jewel, quaint and fair,
Rich with pearls and carving rare,
Sent by a friend from tropic land,
With a note that read like this:
"For your baby, with a kiss
And a world of hope and prayer.
Keep it for him with tender care
Until the love enfolded there
He, too, shall understand!"
But the baby reaches out and cries,
And mamma chides in loving-wise:
"O my child! do you not know
That your little baby-hold
Is too careless and too weak
For this thing of pearl and gold?
You are not strong enough, my pet,
To hold such precious jewels yet.
By and by, when the hands have grown,
You shall have it, for your very own.
Do you not know how your tears grieve me?
Oh! my baby! can you not *see!*"
But the little hand is stretched out still,
And baby grieves—as babies will.

Mother, with breaking heart to-night,
Stands by a little empty bed;
Reaches out with moan and cry,
And a bitter want that will not die,
For the priceless jewel fled!
Ah, the jewel! so precious and rare,
Given by God to her jealous care,
With a message that read like this:
"Lent from the world of bliss—
The beautiful, golden land;
Yours to keep for a little while,
Until through winsome angel guile
My love you understand!
Suffer it to come back to me,
The jewel that I have given;
Forbid it not, when I call to thee,
For it is of the Kingdom of Heaven!"
But still she reaches out and cries,
And God bends down in loving-wise:
"Child of my care! do you not know
That your weak mother-hold
Was turning the tset that we love so
Away from the streets of gold?
You are not strong. I cannot let
You keep this precious jewel yet;
But by and by, when you have grown,
You shall have it again, your very own.
Do you not know how your tears grieve me?
O my child! can you not *see?*"
But the empty arms are stretched out still,
And the mother moans—as mothers will!

—NELLIE N. TINKHAM, in *Independent*.

Ladies' Department.

THE PRIZE OF UPPER NINEVEH.

BY ELIOTT M'CORMICK.

[Christian Union.]

The school committee of Upper Nineveh having accepted Miss Kate Revere as teacher of the district school in preference to the other candidate, Miss Effie Onderdonk, was disposed to felicitate itself upon its choice. For Miss Revere had graduated at Vassar the year before with thoroughly informed, as the competitive examination had shown, on all subjects, and was, besides, the daughter of one of Nineveh's most esteemed and wealthy citizens. Effie Onderdonk, on the other hand, had grown up in Nineveh, received only a common school and academy education, and was now the sole support of her widowed mother. Nobody denied that Effie was a good and deserving girl, and very intelligent, considering her opportunities; but then Miss Revere's qualifications were of such a high order that there could really be no comparison between the two. And so Miss Kate got the school to her satisfaction and that of the committee, except that a certain member had warmly taken up Miss Onderdonk's cause, and seemed altogether displeased with the result. Indeed, he displayed, as Kate thought, quite an unreasonable degree of temper over the matter; and this, with Effie Onderdonk's sad and disappointed face, almost took away Kate's own elation, and gave her, as she waited by the door for her ponies to appear, an uncomfortable sense of having done something wrong. But this was only a transient feeling. No sooner did Kate find herself entertaining it than she drove it resolutely away, bestowing herself with an angry flush and blush for caring about Dr. Barrows' opinions, when every one knew how deeply he was interested in Effie Onderdonk. The Doctor had looked after the Onderdonks ever since Effie was a little girl; and why he didn't marry Effie instead of leaving her to teach school, was a question which annoyed Kate, though she was angry with herself for being annoyed.

"Bright young woman," remarked Lawyer Jenkins to the Doctor when Kate had driven off, and these two were left alone in front of the little school house. "Tell you what, Doctor, Nineveh has drawn a prize. Have to look out, or Babylon Centre will get her away from us."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"If Babylon wants to start a college or a theological seminary," he said, "she'll do. We'll be having one in Nineveh before long," and then the lawyer was left to wonder what Doctor Barrows meant.

Now, while Miss Revere had somewhat elevated notions in the matter of education, she certainly had no intention of starting either a college or a theological seminary. Her favorite theory was that the children ought to be taught Greek and Latin with their earliest years, so as to learn the construction of the English language. This theory did she propose to develop in Upper Nineveh. Accordingly, before the week was out, the district school was in progress, Miss Revere installed upon its platform, and the Greek and Latin classes, with another in Butler's "Analogy," were in successful operation. All this seemed to confirm Doctor Barrows in his foreboding; but the rest of the committee were as firmly convinced in their judgment, and with their countenance Kate could afford to ignore the Doctor, and indulge her theories to the very extreme. The committee, in its turn, derived some moral support from the fact that Effie Onderdonk had taken a place in the Babylon envelope factory, and having such affinities could not, of course, be a suitable person for a teacher in Upper Nineveh.

As the time went by the fame of Kate's new departure reached beyond Upper Nineveh. As Lawyer Jenkins had predicted, the people of Babylon Centre became interested; from which thrifty village, and from Babylon Bridge and Babylon Lower Falls as well, came curious committees to see Miss Revere, and investigate her methods. More than this, the secretary of the State Board of Education appeared one day about Christmas, heard a recitation from the Greek class, made a good many inquiries, and afterwards gave Kate three complimentary lines in his annual report. Naturally enough, all this attention was flattering to Nineviteş, who felt their own wisdom in the choice of Miss Revere thereby justified.

"Tell you what!" the lawyer would say gleefully to his clients. "Got a prize when we got Miss Revere, didn't we?"

And every one but Doctor Barrows would promptly acquiesce.

At length, when Christmas had gone by, and Washington's birthday was only a recollection, it occurred to the members of the committee that a public examination might be a suitable opportunity for magnifying the school and its teacher and exalting themselves. This idea being suggested to Miss Revere, was readily accepted, and the proposed event set down for the Wednesday preceding Fast day.

Well, the day came; and all Nineveh and its vicinity turned out to celebrate the occasion. The orthodox church had been offered for the exercises, as furnishing larger accommodation than the school house; and, as carriages and people toiled up the steep hill, on the top of which the church was a conspicuous landmark, its capacious pews promised to be well filled. Inside, a platform built up around the pulpit was banked up to the rear wall with the scholars; the girls mostly in white, with pink, blue and magenta ribbons; the boys in nankeen, with smoothly slicked hair, freckled faces and amazing blue or red neckties. The side seats to the left were occupied by the committee; a chair upon the platform was appropriated to Miss Revere's use; while the amiable visage of Lawyer Jenkins, as chairm n of the committee, beamed complacently from the pulpit. All the arrangements seemed to promise a gratifying success, especially as everybody was in a most self-satisfying frame of mind; the people, because their boys and girls were on exhibition; the committee, because its members were displayed in the light of public educators; and Miss Revere, in that her opportunity had come, and she was about to improve it. Then, too, Kate could not help being flattered by the lawyer's opening speech, wherein he drew a delicate comparison between Hypatia of old and a young lady "not one hundred miles from Upper Nineveh" somewhat to the disparagement of the former; so that the flush of gratified pride on Kate's pretty face, and the tremor of excitement in her musical voice, as she stood up before the Latin class and asked the head boy to decline "*mensa*—a table—" were not without their justification.

I cannot stop to tell how admirably the Latin class acquitted itself; and how, if anything, it was excelled by the students in Greek; and how, too, the five girls who made up the class in Butler's "Analogy" fairly wearied the audience with their proficiency. In addition to all which were songs and recitations and various other performances, lending variety to the program, and keeping the people, on the whole, sufficiently entertained. At a certain stage in the proceedings the committee was expected to examine the scholars on its own account. And to this Miss Revere looked forward with no little apprehension. What if old Doctor Trumbull, who was the orthodox minister and a famous scholar, shou d want to know something concerning the Digamma or the Greek particles, about which neither Miss Revere, nor the good Doctor himself, nor any one knew anything at all; or, if Lawyer Jenkins, a good deal of a casuist in his way, should perplex the girls over some obscure demonstration in But'er? So Kate fairly shivered until Doctor Trumbull had contented himself with a synopsis of a Greek verb and murmured appreciately, "Very good," and the lawyer nodded complacently over a very short paragraph from the "Analogy." And then, when the danger seemed past, and she began to breathe freely, and the members of the committee, with one exception, were expressing their enthusiasm, and Lawyer Jenkins was on the point of leaning over the pulpit and saying mechanically to the people below, "Drew a prize, didn't we?" the storm suddenly broke from an unexpected quarter. It was the voice of Dr. Barrows that dispelled the temporary silence.

"We have heard, Miss Rivers," he began, courteously, "an admirable performance on the part of the young people. The pains which you have taken with them, in branches not usually taught in district schools, must have been very great, and your success is all the more gratifying. And without questioning at all at this time the utility of these branches, or the propriety of giving to them so much attention to the neglect, perhaps, of other important studies, I would like, if you please, to examine the school briefly in what we ordinarily call the rudiments. It will be very brief, ladies and gentlemen; just to satisfy you," and here, as it seemed to Kate, the Doctor was lapsing into sarcasm, "that while your boys and girls are learning Latin and Greek they are not neglecting those more humble studies which will fit them especially for their daily life here in Upper Nineveh. John Reynolds," turning abruptly to a large boy at the head of the first row, "spell 'sep-a-rate.'"

"Sep-e-rate!" returned John, promptly. A shudder ran over the school committee, and Miss Revere writhed.

"Next boy!" observed Dr. Barrows, in a peremptory tone.

The next boy interpolated an extra "p," the one beyond clung to the obnoxious "e," whereupon the Doctor passed it down the line, until it was spelled by the fifth scholar, a girl. The sixth, Carrie Ainsworth, who had recited seventeen pages of Butler, became hopelessly wrecked over the word "prejudice," and retreated behind her pocket handkerchief. Three succeeding girls and four boys fell in the same pit, and the fourteenth scholar, who did finally give it correctly, more because all the incorrect methods had been exhausted than from any knowledge of the subject, immediately disgraced himself over the orthographical distinction between "ale" and "ail."

It is needless to tell how the rest of the school floundered over the simplest words; how, too, sums in long and short division on the blackboard presented insurmountable difficulties; how the multiplication table became a source of grief to the children and shame to the teacher; how the best Greek scholar insisted that nine times seven were 64, and 7 times nine 56; and how little Freddie Donovan, of whom Miss Revere had boasted that he knew the Greek alphabet before he did the English, spelled "cat" "d-o-g," and maintained that 2 from 5 left 7. All this before this dismal and bewildering conclusion was reached, every one was in a wild state of apprehension and excitement; the audience, half on their feet, dejected or delighted according as they lived in Upper Nineveh or Babylon Centre; the committee indignant with everybody, and especially Doctor Barrows, as being the disturber of their peace; Miss Revere nearly overcome with wrath and mortification; and the children wholly demoralized—the boys sullen and careless, and the girls bathed in tears. The only cool and collected person was Doctor Barrows, who finally, having elicited the important mathematical fact that "nothing from nothing leaves nothing," arbitrarily declared that he would not trouble the children further, and resumed his seat.

It was a hard task that now devolved on Doctor Trumbull—to make the closing address. The worthy man could not use a word of the glowing eulogy which he had prepared, and was almost as much at a loss as the children themselves had been. So he did the best thing he could under the circumstances, and only urged that due allowance should be made for the excited and embarassed scholars, referred to their excellent drill in the higher branches, and cautiously admitted, in almost Doctor Barrows' words, that perhaps some of the time bestowed upon these might have been profitably devoted to elementary studies. And then the audience, being dismissed, filed out of the church, and went home, leaving Kate, who had been for half an hour the target of their curious inspection, almost on fire with a consciousness of the fact. It was some consolation to have the children flock around her and express their anger and sympathy, but even this, in her excited mood, she could hardly bear, and felt relieved when they, too, had gone. Among the last was Carrie Ainsworth, who, as she kissed Kate goodbye, could not help exclaiming, "Oh, Miss Revere, don't you hate Doctor Barrows?"

But Kate put her hand over the child's mouth.

"It is wicked to hate," she said. And yet Kate thought she was not far from the sin at that moment. And when the girl had left her, and the committee, not eager to encounter Miss Revere, were, one by one, casually passing down the aisle, Doctor Barrows coming up unperceived heard her exclaim bitterly, "So ungenerous!" Her self-possession, though, was by no means lost; for when she saw him by her side, she turned quickly, while two red spots burned in her cheeks and her hands were tightly clasped over the Latin grammar, and said, resentfully:

"I hope you are satisfied, Doctor Barrows."

The Doctor maintained his grave expression.

"Are you satisfied, Miss Revere?" he asked.

"Kate's eyes flashed.

"I was, Doctor Barrows, until you chose to interfere."

"Had you any right to be satisfied, Miss Revere?"

"I'm sure they did beautifully, Doctor Barrows," with indignant emphasis; "you could not expect me to waste all my time on the primer and the multiplication table."

The Doctor smiled—a little scornfully, as Kate thought.

"I didn't expect it, Miss Revere; I hadn't an idea that you would, and that is why I should have preferred some one else for the place."

"Miss Onderdonk would have done better, I suppose," said Kate, in a hard, dry tone.

The Doctor bowed.

"Undoubtedly, she would. Miss Onderdonk understands and is willing to teach the things the children ought to know."

"Miss Onderdonk is quite welcome to the place," said Kate loftily.

"Yes," said the Doctor, calmly, "I assumed that she would be, after this."

"And you contrived this exhibition today," said Kate, indignantly, "to secure such a result."

"Well," said the Doctor, still calmly, "I did have some thought of Miss Onderdonk's interest."

Kate fairly quivered with indignation.

"If you think so much of Effie Onderdonk," she declared, "you'd better relieve her of the necessity of teaching."

The Doctor stared in a bewildered way.

"You'd better marry her," continued Kate, now quite careless of what she said. "Everybody knows you want to."

It was now the Doctor's turn to show annoyance, which he did in the most obvious way.

"Gossipy hole!" he exclaimed hotly; then, with an effort at self-control, "and then you have thought I opposed you on account of my interest in Miss Onderdonk?"

"I don't know that I thought anything about it," growing cool and indifferent, as the Doctor gained in vehemence. "It didn't make any difference to me, Doctor Barrows."

The Doctor bit his lip and frowned.

"I don't believe that at all," he said brusquely. "I know it made a difference. It made a difference in your behaviot to me, Miss Revere. I never passed you on the street but that you thought of it."

The girl blushed angrily. She was not used to being contradicted. And yet she did not deny his charge.

"I expected all that, Miss Revere," he went on, with no less vehemence. "I looked for your dislike; I expected you would hate me. But I could not let you do a mean thing and occupy a false position, without putting in my protest. You didn't need the position, Miss Revere, Miss Onderdonk did. She needs it badly, and yet you took it away from her. Was that a fair thing for you to do? And I knew, too, you were not the fittest person in the world to teach a village school. You know too much, Miss Revere; and excuse me for saying it, you know too little. I would have spared you this exhibition, as you call it, to-day, if I could. But Miss Revere," and while his voice sank low and trembled a little in its intensity, yet every word was clear to Kate's wondering sense. "I would rather have the girl I love hate me than have her go on acting a wrong part. It wasn't on Miss Onderdonk's account, Miss Kate, that I opposed you last fall, and did to this day; it was for your own sake. I love you too well, Kate Revere, to let you do wrong—if I can help it."

And then he drew back a few steps and folded his arms, and looked her in the face. A more astonished, bewildered girl he never saw. What he had said was a revelation. She had been all along regarding him as the lover of another girl, and here he turned out to be her own. She had been hating him, or thinking that she did, with all her heart, and now she was as good as asked to love him. Was there, indeed, any foundation left for her to hate? She had supposed that he disliked her; if he did not, what reason had she to hate him? But this was a long way from love, Kate thought. How could she love a man who had just told her that she had acted meanly, and was an incompetent teacher; who had been rude and overbearing and ungenerous? She might not dislike him—Christian charity could carry her as far as that—but something was due to her sense of self-respect; and even if her heart did beat more happily than for months past, and her eyes shine with a softer light, she would not as much as confess it to herself, least of all to him. So while he waited for an answer, and the hot blood came and went upon her cheek, she crowded down the gladness that had so suddenly come to her, and stiffly said:

"I'm sure I don't think I was at all wrong, Doctor Barrows; and, if you'll excuse me, I'll go home."

The Doctor bowed courteously, still standing with his arms folded, and the same imperturbable look upon his face. And there Miss Revere left him.

* * * * * *

It was three months after this that another examination was held in Upper Nineveh. This time it was in the little schoolhouse. When the exercises were over and the few visitors dismissed, it so happened that Miss Revere and Doctor Barrows found themselves walking up the road side by side.

"I am glad you came to-day," he said, warmly.

"Of course, I wouldn't have staid away," protested Kate.

"There wasn't much public interest," he remarked.

"No," Kate admitted; "but there ought to have been. Miss Onderdonk has done very well with them."

The Doctor nodded.

"Considering she's only taught them three months," he said.

Then there was a little pause.

"She won't have any school committees from Babylon Centre," he went on.

"No," she said, meditatively.

"Nor any Secretaries from the State Board."

"I suppose not."

"And probably Mr. Jenkins is doubtful about her being much of a prize."

"Very likely."

"But after all," looking amusedly in Kate's face, "she's a very capable teacher."

Kate waited a moment, while her face flushed and her eyes fell to the ground.

"I suppose if I say yes to that," she replied, quietly, "I might as well admit the other thing."

"What other thing?" innocently.

"Why—that I wasn't."

The Doctor was about replying, when they were separated for an instant by a group of the school girls. Among these was Carrie Ainsworth, who, as she passed, made a surreptitious face at Doctor Barrows, and then, turning round, looked such unutterable reproach at the Doctor's companion that Kate could not forbear laughing.

"It was Carrie Ainsworth," she explained. "She asked me once if I didn't hate you."

"And you told her—?"

"It was wicked to hate."

"That was an evasive answer, Miss Revere."

"Yes," said Kate, "I intended it should be."

"Perhaps," suggested the Doctor, "you were not sure."

Kate smiled and blushed a little.

"No," she said frankly; "I wasn't."

The Doctor stopped still in the road and grasped her hand. "And are you now?" he asked.

"Oh, do let go," she exclaimed in alarm; "here comes the lawyer and Doctor Trumbull."

But the Doctor maintained his ground.

"Are you sure now?" he reiterated.

Kate hesitated; the others were within ten yards; she knew the Doctor would not yield; what could she do but falter out:

"Yes."

"Sure that you hate me?" continued her tormentor.

"I shall if you don't let me go," she declared, trying to seem dignified, and yet blushing furiously as he turned aside to let the lawyer and minister pass by.

Both the gentlemen bowed, and the lawyer paused for an instant, as though he had something to communicate.

"Well," said Doctor Barrows, encouragingly.

The lawyer smiled—it was the same gleeful smile.

"Tell you what, Barrows," he said, "we've drawn a prize, sure!".

And this time the Doctor acquiesced.

HOW FISH FIND THEIR OWN RIVERS.

The long held and only recently rejected theory that the shoals of fishes moved in a vast mass along the coast, sending off detachments into each river as they passed its mouth, is to be attributed to one of Gilpin and some other authors, who have written flowingly on the subject. The recent careful investigations of naturalists indicate that the anadromous fishes, those entering the rivers and bodies of fresh water from the sea, do not have an extended range in the ocean, and that each river's colony remains, after returning, in the deep waters opposite their river. The motive for the movement of these shoals of anadromous fishes, or rather how it is incited, has scarcely been explained. The life of the fishes has always been a mystery. It is not a search for food, as they do not eat while in fresh water; the opening of hundreds of stomachs will fail to find food present. It is an easy disposal of the question as to how each colony recognizes its native river to say that it is "instinctive." So it is, also, when the butcher's horse recognizes the familiar gates; but we have some evidence as to what senses he uses. The fishes, probably, prompted by functional disturbance, from the tumid ovaries and spermaries, are incited to movement. The courses of the sea, unmarked as they are, within each colony's limit, their habitual pathways. An unerring capacity in the fish for finding its own river may be no more than that which guides the hermit-crab to the shell of the natica. The latter goes to hide its sensitive body, with an apparent nervous trepidation at its unprotected condition. The former, with an uneasiness of body from the functional changes it is undergoing, is impelled to activity. The transmitted habit of ascending the stream is, as it were, blended and alloyed with the substance of the nerves, and aroused by its condition, carries it, without conscious purpose, into the river of its progenitors and its own. The impulses of the fish are only in a slightly more complicated series than those of the crab. That it should be the instinct for a specific stream, established through inheritance of many generations, is easier to understand than that it is a sort of memory of the place of its immature life, as the theory of fish-culture makes it, and as observation seems to sustain. In the waters of the Delaware, where there were no salmon originally, the young salmon placed in Bushkill Creek returned after five years, and were taken, not only in the Delaware River, but the larger number in the neighborhood of Bushkill Creek. It is not essential that all the fishes should have this impelling influence, whatever it may be, as, like gregarious mammals and birds, they flock together, following the leadership of whichever for the time takes it. The idea is suggested that the rinsers may be the guiding agent, that a fish goes nosing along the coast, or tasting the streams, until it recognizes its own. The convexity of the cornea must afford the fishes a very limited range of vision. The supposed dullness of the sense of smell and of taste in fishes might alone dispose of the suggestion that these are employed. The following occurrence, however, would seem to decide to the contrary: The Russian River, emptying into the Pacific, north of San Francisco, had its mouth entirely closed by the waves during he storm. The colony of salmon made their yearly migration from the deep waters toward the mouth of the river, and many of them raced through the surf, and landed high and dry on the sand that walled them out from their native river. The migration of the salmon into some of the Pacific rivers is a frenzied advance over shoals, rapids and cascades, far into thin streams and brooks, where they arrive battered and weary, to accomplish their exhaustive reproductive labors, and drop back, the sport of the current, dead and dying, toward the sea.—*The late Prof. James W. Milner, in Harper's Magazine.*

MAY MIRACLES.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

If I had a bit of rainbow,
If I had a dash of snow,
If I had the rarest fragrance
That blossoms ever know,
If I had an emerald jewel,
And all were put together—
It would not be an apple bough
Blooming in May weather.

If I had a flake of sunset
From a tropic zone,
If I had a sapphire richer
Than man has ever known,
If I had a strain of music
Tuned to the May weather—
It would not be a bird and his mate
Singing sweet together.

A TALE OF THE CRUSADING DAYS.

BY CARL BRICKETT.

[New York Ledger.]

It was in the days when for a fair lady's sake many a daring deed was done, that our story begins. Upon a bold cliff overlooking the smoothly flowing Thames the Castle of Glenraven reared its grim towers. Within all was a scene of great activity, for tomorrow was the birthday of the lovely Ina, the only daughter of Glenraven's proud lord, and an extensive fete was to celebrate the occasion.

Alone in her daintily appointed chamber sat the lady Ina. A tap upon the door aroused her from her meditations, which must have been sad ones, judging by the tears which she brushed hastily away ere she said in her sweet, flute-like voice—"Enter." It was her maid, Eunice, and with her was a tall, dark-visaged man whose face Ina at once recognized.

"Here is one, my mistress," said Eunice, "who says that you promised to buy a pearl and coral necklace from him to wear to the fete to-morrow." Ina fixed her dark eyes scrutinizingly upon the stranger's face, while a faint flush arose to her own.

Well she knew whose messenger he was. "Here is the case, my lady," the stranger said, respectfully.

When she was alone once more, with eager fingers Ina opened the small packet. As she had expected, no coral and pearl necklace had appeared, but instead a tiny note fell from its hiding place:

"My love, meet me to-night at the old oak. Do not disappoint me—it is to say farewell.
"Your faithful GERALD."

That night the moon's pale beams shone down upon an affecting scene—upon the parting embrace of the two young beings, who, loving each other, yet were doomed to separation.

Gerald Lytwold was a youth worthy of any maiden's love; but he was the son of an unworthy father who had been found guilty of a conspiracy against his sovereign and had been imprisoned. It was hardly to be wondered at that the lord of Glenraven should think him no fit mate for his peerless daughter.

"And must you go, Gerald? Can you not delay only a little longer?" Ina said, at length, in sad, inquiring tones.

"No, Ina, since your father so sternly bade me to relinquish all hope of ever winning you for my own, life has been a two-fold torture. I cannot bear to think that to-morrow others may hear you speak, touch your hand, while I, your true love, am forbidden your presence. Then, too, I have received news from trustworthy sources that are long our hosts will again be called to the battle-field, and I now go to offer my services. My faithful squire bore to you this note for me, for I could not depart without one more sight of your dear face."

The young man had spoken thus far with a forced calmness, but now his passionate love bore away all barriers of restraint.

"Ina," he cried, "our love need not be irrecoverably hopeless if you will consent to do as I implore—to fly with me, this very hour. Once married, your father will pardon us."

"No, Gerald," Ina replied, while a look of lofty resolve overspread her face, "do not tempt me. Though I love you, I can never wed you without my father's consent. On my knees, by my dying mother's side, I vowed never to disobey my father's will. That vow I must not break."

He clasped her to him with sudden force.

"Then, my love,—since it must be so—farewell! God keep thee and bless thee!"

The moon was vailed by a passing cloud, and when she shone forth again, Gerald was gone.

The next day's fete was a gorgeous success. Merrily the hours went amid varied sports, until at eventide all were assembled in the great hall around the festive board. Admired above all for her beauty and grace, was the daughter of the house, though not a few noticed the parian whiteness of her delicate skin.

The merriment was at its height when a herald dashed up to the castle, and throwing himself from his panting steed, abruptly entered the banqueting hall.

"To arms!" he cried, in tones which started all to their feet. "To arms, soldiers of the cross! The infidels have arisen, and even now the holy city is in their hands! Your sovereign calls you to arms! to arms!"

In an instant the wildest confusion prevailed; but before long the great hall was empty, each knight departing in haste to his own stronghold to prepare to obey the summons thus unexpectedly received.

"Do not weep, my child," said the lord of Glenraven, an hour later. With Richard for our leader, victory will surely be ours, and I will be back with you ere long. I leave you in good care. My friend and neighbor, the Baron Garthron, is prevented by illness from going with us, and he has promised to look after you and the household until my return."

With a farewell kiss and a blessing he was gone; and thus Ina was called upon to mourn the departure of both lover and father within a few hours.

The owner of the neighboring castle, the Baron Garthron, though unknown to Ina, had long cherished a secret admiration for her, and though he had heard reports of her attachment to another, he had determined in his mind to take advantage of her father's absence to win her for his wife. If possible, by fair means; if not, by foul.

With the greatest surprise and astonishment Ina learned the baron's feelings towards her. He was as old as her own father, and at first she could not believe that he was in earnest; but when in impassioned tones, kneeling at her feet, he besought her to think kindly of his proposal, she could mistake his meaning no longer. Then, candidly, not knowing that he had already heard of it, Ina told him of her love for Gerald, and that though Fate should forever separate her from him she should still remain faithful to him, and him alone. Disguising his anger and pretending to feel only deep sorrow at her answer, the baron left her presence.

The young girl little guessed the baseness of his nature, and when a few weeks later she was invited to an entertainment at Garthron Castle she accepted without hesitation.

Once within the castle Ina discovered too late that she had fallen into a cunningly devised trap. Only a few miles from her own home she was a prisoner, while those who alone could help her were far away.

Then once more the baron renewed his proposals. As he spoke the shrinking girl looked with horror upon his fierce, flushed face; but to all his threats she gave the same answer.

"Beware, obstinate girl!" he exclaimed. "I have sworn you shall be my wife. Resistance will be in vain, for you are in my power. To-morrow, ere the sun sets, the priest shall join our hands."

So saying he strode away, while the poor girl, almost distracted by terror, fell fainting to the floor.

Thus she was found by her faithful maid Eunice, who had accompanied her young mistress on her ill-fated visit to Garthron Castle.

As soon as she was able, Ina related to Eunice the baron's threats.

The night had just dropped its sombre veil over the face of the day, when, unnoticed by the keeper, a slight, dark-cloaked figure stole across the draw-bridge. It was Eunice. The brave maiden, disregarding all perils which might accrue to herself, had determined to seek for help for her young mistress. She knew that it was a long distance to the nearest castle; but unmindful of maidenly fears, she courageously set out upon her lonely walk. But in the darkness she lost her way, and morning found the almost exhausted girl still some distance from her destination.

Suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs fell upon her ear. Eunice's heart sank. Could it be that her absence had been noticed and she was being pursued? The horsemen approached nearer, and she could distinctly hear their voices in conversation. With a joyful cry, Eunice bounded forward and threw back her veil.

"God be thanked! It is my master!"

She was right. There before her, bronzed by the hot sun of the foreign land from which they were just returning, were the lord of Glenraven and the youth whom her mistress loved. With horror the father heard of his daughter's peril and of his neighbor's treachery.

Then, spurring their chargers, the riders dashed forward. Would they be too late?

The castle was reached, but the drawbridge was closed. Without a moment's pause, unheedful whether, overpowered by numbers, they might not themselves fall into the treacherous baron's power, they leaped the moat and rode fiercely onward to the chapel doors, which stood wide open. Within, what a sight met their eyes! They had not arrived a moment too soon.

Before the altar, with an angry scowl knitting his dark brows, stood the Baron Garthron, while beside him, upon the marble pavement, lay the prostrate form of the Lady Ina. Just as the words were about to be uttered which would have chained her for life to a despicable villain, unconsciousness had mercifully come to her relief.

Looking up, the baron saw the intruders. The wicked are always cowardly, and not knowing how many they might have at their call, the pallor of a desperate fear overspread his countenance.

"Draw! villain and traitor! draw and defend yourself!" shouted Gerald, springing to his side and seizing him by the arm.

Too full of fear to disobey, the baron followed the speaker into the outer court; while, unaware of the deliverance which had come to her, Ina was lifted upon her father's steel and borne away. Gerald was an experienced swordsman, and with a few thrusts he disarmed his antagonist.

Then returning his sword to its sheath, he said:

"I will not stain my trusty blade with a villain's blood. Rise, caitiff, and be thankful that for your evil deeds your life has not been demanded of you."

Mounting his horse he rode swiftly away, before the discomfited baron, who had been rendered powerless by terror, could realize that instead of the armed band he had supposed were at his call, the young man was alone, and had he acted promptly, would have even now been in his power.

On the field of carnage, at the imminent risk of his own, Gerald had saved the lord of Glenraven's life, and it had been owing to his prowress that the battle had that day been decided in their favor. When Lord Glenraven had learned to whom he owed his deliverance from death, and that in reward for his services the young man had been knighted by the king's own hand, all his former objections to his daughter's choice had been swept away.

And thus it was, that, a short while later, a goodly company gathered to witness the nuptials of the brave young knight, Sir Gerald, and the beautiful maiden whom all loved for her gentleness and goodness.

As for the wicked baron who had been so signally foiled in his base schemes, through his king's rightful displeasure he had been punished by being deprived of his estates, and as a wanderer in a stranger-land he was doomed to pass the remainder of his days.

"All's well that ends well," and the faithful lovers whose romantic story we have related found in the blissful present full solace for the hours of trouble and bitterness which had been theirs in the past.

OLEOMARGARINE.

The shades of night had fallen fast
As up town, in a car there passed
A Congreseman from far out West,
Who muttered in a tone suppressed:
Oleomargarine!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchon, and his teeth
Had never yet in all his life
Been picked save with a bowie knife—
Oleomargarine.

He saw within Delmonico's
The gas jets blazing in bright rows,
And to a Quaker dairy man
He said, in voice agrarian:
Oleo Majerin!

"Try not to pass," he said anon;
"The walking match is going on."
Beyond, the light electric burned,
And straightway in the Granger turned—
Oleo Majerin.

Stay," said the dairyman, "and rest
Some potted game within your vest;"
And when these winning words were said,
Wines were outpoured, both white and red—
Oleomargarine.

Beware the cognac, Granger stanch;
Beware the champagne's avalanche!
But still he lingered at the board,
And countless draughts were there outpoured—
Ole-mazhrin!

At break of day, as hotelward
The Granger struggled, working hard,
A howl was uttered, long and deep,
That woke the coppers from their sleep:
Molio aghorine!

And later still in Washington,
Where laws are made and money won,
When Congressmen were called to vote,
A voice fell like a silver note:
Oleomargarine. —*N. Y. Sun.*

The Fashions.

SPRING FASHIONS.

[Jennie June in Albany Journal.]

Ladies are ordering for the country half-high shoes, which are coquettish imitations of the peasant shoes, worn by the women of Black Forest, Germany. Some are made in prunella, but those for young ladies are of kid, and the more elegant ones for their mamas of black satin. The last are trimmed with buckling and a rich bow, which has a diminutive dog's head upon it or tiny antlers.

Another decoration, the successor of the "Alsatian" bow for the hair, is the "fly" bow, which is made of black lace or silk, and imitates the unspreading wings of an insect precisely on a larger scale, while the way in which they are set on the head renders the "flare" all the more uncompromising. A dull, lustrous silk is considered much more becoming to fair-haired wearers than a shining fabric, and when lace is used it is always real.

A quaint little head-dress is a three-cornered kerchief of satin dotted with tiny flowerettes in gold or silver filagree. This is worn with a point extending to the fore-head, and is pinned down to the head with gold or silver headed pins, precisely as a lady would pin a handkerchief over her head in the days when ladies did such things while sweeping and dusting. Below one edge of the kerchief the hair is arranged in flat rings, and at the back in long braids or loops.

Flowers are now beginning to be worn low at the side of the head, as formerly, and there is a prospect that the "side" curls or ringlets worn behind the ears half a century ago will make their appearance.

One of the queer freaks is the sudden rage for yellow, or yellow and red combined—fortunately in small doses. A "crash" of yellow buttercups, cowslips, daffy-downdillys, or red and yellow roses combined, is a feature of spring costume. It is the most striking adornment of black silk or satin toilettes, and the shade is carefully regulated to the complexion of the wearer, the most delicate blonde being able to wear the buff and straw yellows, while the deeper orange and nasturtian tints can only be ventured upon by a most decided brunette.

One of the stylish effects produced in trimming, by clever dressmakers, is in lines of black and yellow to imitate a wasp's back, and when produced in gauze it is almost too suggestive.

Bow and arrow combs are a pretty conceit, in which the arrow is crossed by the bow, which sparkles with crystals. The metal is gold or silver, and on the silver combs the ornamentation is pearls, mock or real. One of these combs is made still more elaborate by a chain of crystals forming the bow-string, which hangs as if relaxed. Seldom is a comb so prettily fashioned and ornamented. The arrow alone and the bow alone have both been worn, richly jeweled, as hair ornaments; but this graceful combination dresses the hair with effect even when worn quite plain. Arrows of gold filagree, tipped with small rubies, and worn, and bows of silver enriched with tiny topas. Three rows of black velvet, beaded with gold crystals, form a handsome head-banding for the flat styles now so popular.

The skull cap is a bonnet fitting close to the head, like a skull-cap, except that it opens at the back to admit of the diagonal puffs in which the hair is dressed. The front of this bonnet has a fringe of jet, and this decorates the beaded black lace covering the shape. For further trimming there is an ostrich plume, black and yellow, which is set up high and curls jauntily forward, so as to form a helmet-like curve, in the hollow of which is a yellow rose. Here and there in the beading is what is called a "gold crystal," a glass bead underlaid with gold, which very greatly heightens the effect of the black beads, making the crystals the centres of the stars which they form. One of the skull cap shapes is closed at the back in a deep curved prolongation, which admits of dressing the hair extremely low. This, however, is less becoming than bringing the puff at the top, high above the feather.

Correspondence.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NUMBER LXVI.

BY T. W. SILLOWAY, A. M.

Special Correspondence of the Mass Ploughman.

FRANCE.

PARIS.—NO. V.

We now speak of a few of the more noted churches, and can name but few, and first is the celebrated

NOTRE DAME.

This is, all things considered, the most noted church edifice in Paris. It is located on an island in the River Seine, called, *Ile de la cite*, which is so at the centre of the populous part of the city, as to almost appear a portion of the main land, at least till one is very near it. There is a grand open square in front of the cathedral and one of the fine bridges, in two sections crosses to and from the island, at the upper side of the square. The church is one of the few pure Gothic edifices of Paris, for that style of architecture was not a great favorite with its people. A grand street is on each side of the church, between it and the river. The edifice, standing out as it does free from near surroundings, and being in perfect repair is very clean, solid and imposing, but has a glory all its own, and seems to be in no way like any other of the city, and while resembling the cathedrals of England, yet it has not that general old cathedral influence about it that is always present and taken cognizance of in the Protestant Catholic of Notre Dame. It was completed in 1185, and is now approaching 700 years old. It is 390 feet long, 144 feet wide at transepts, and 102 feet high. The grand west front is 128 feet wide, and is pierced by two massive towers, each 224 feet high, ending square, and looking to be unfinished, as they really are. All the mouldings are of nice and bold cut and finish, and the carvings are very fine. The color of the stone is more of that common drab tint, which, while it does not give the sombre look which many of the English cathedrals have, yet it does not present that brilliant and gay effect which Parisians so much appreciate. In the southern tower hangs the great bell called the *Bourdon*, which is the largest in France, and weighs seventeen tons. This church is noted for its many chapels opening into the church; they are thirty-seven in number, and some of them are ornamented with remarkable paintings and sculptures. On the south side of the church once stood the Archbishops palace, which was destroyed by a mob in 1831. The spot is now occupied by what is termed the *Sacristie*, a Gothic building of considerable elegance. In it are magnificent sets of very rich robes and vestments of prelates, besides many things of great interest, among them are coronation robes of Napoleon I.; some rare and rich church plate, including the *Ostensoir* of St. Louis; croziers, mitres, crosses, etc. of bishops, many of them gorgeously decorated with precious stones. Here is also the cross worn by St. Vincent de Paul, when he was attending on Louis XIII. in his last moments, in 1643, next is a cast of the face of Archbishop Affre, and the bullet with which he was shot, and last, and full of interest are the blood stained robes of the last three successive bishops of Paris; Affre, Sibour, and Darboy.

Here, we begin to find *relics*, and among them, two thorns claimed to be from the Saviour's Crown, and one of the nails of his cross. The interior of the cathedral is in appearance vast and grand. The entire work, including the great vaulted ceiling, is of a gray limestone. All the altar work is very rich, and the room is clean and well cared for. The windows are of rich old colored glass.

"Storied windows,